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Contents

The Week 189

Editorials

An Economic Program 191
Struggling for Peace 193
Waldorfs New and Old 195

General Articles

Mr. Borsodi's Way Out ..... Bruce Bliven 196
Mr. Woll on the Tariff ..... Marcus A. Heyman 198
Alsace and Lorraine: Ten Years After ..... R. K. Gooch 199
The Ideal (verse) ..... Dorothea Matthews 201
The South Fights the Unions ..... George Fort Milton 202
The Simple Life—and How! ..... Charles W. Stokes 203
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 205
Refined and Lonely People ..... T. S. Matthews 206

Correspondence 208

Reviews of Books

An Antidote to Despair ..... Edmund Wilson 210
Life in the Old South ..... Allen Tate 211
English Comedy ..... St. John Ervine 212
Black Aladdin ..... Alexander Goldenweiser 213
A Gangster ..... Geoffrey T. Hellman 213
What to Hate ..... O. H. D. 214
Mr. Lewisohn Continues ..... Florence Kiper Frank 214
Days in the Sun ..... E. V. F. 215
Notes on Novels 215

The Week

TWO British periodicals, the London Nation and the Fortnightly Review, have suggested that the British naval bases in the Caribbean ought to be demilitarized. Such an action, they think, would be a suitable gesture of friendliness to the United States, giving evidence that Great Britain accepts in good faith both the Kellogg Pact and the general argument that war between the two great Anglo-Saxon powers is "unthinkable." While Americans perhaps should not respond with unseemly eagerness to a suggestion so manifestly to their own advantage, The New Republic believes the proposal is an admirable one, and hopes that more will be heard of it. The Caribbean is, in a sense, the British-American frontier; there is as much reason to keep it undefended as there is to maintain the Canadian border in that condition. The American argument for numerous large cruisers has been based upon the fact that Great Britain has a heavy advantage in the number of her naval bases, scattered throughout the world, and any reduction in the number of these bases would reduce by so much the strength of the naval experts' argument. Guarding the Panama Canal is now a major point in our military strategy; the demilitarization of the British bases in the Caribbean would greatly relieve the tension in that part of the world. And finally, as the British periodicals point out, a voluntary concession by Great Britain of this sort would do more than almost any other conceivable thing to convince the public opinion of the United States that her intentions are friendly. In fact, the proposal sounds almost too good to be true. It will undoubtedly appeal to Mr. MacDonald and to most of the leaders of his party. Whether or not he would dare risk his slender control in the House of Commons, in the face of Liberal and Tory opposition, it is still too early to say.

THE MOST serious of the dangers which have threatened the Nationalist government in China has been averted. A few weeks ago civil war seemed likely between the Nationalists, headed by Chiang Kai-shek, and the military adventurer, Feng Yu-hsiang. Now it is announced that the latter has come over to the side of Nanking, and will make an extensive trip abroad as "observer" for the Nationalist government. To speak plainly, he has been bought off, and the investment was probably a good one. His willingness to make terms may have been increased by personal considerations: reports from reliable sources say that he is gravely ill with a complication of disorders and probably has not long to live. While the military situation in north China has not quite been liquidated, it is better than at any time since the fall of Peking. The fighting at Canton has also ceased for the present, and the government will not need, at least for a time, to use such a large proportion of its funds for military purposes as it has in the recent past. Its financial position is bad, but by no means impossible; a commission of American experts headed by Professor Kemmerer of Princeton is now making a survey to see just what needs to be done to insure future solvency.

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IN ITS foreign relations, the position of the government is also improving. Japan and China have settled the affair of Tsinan-fu, and, for the moment at least, the Japanese authorities are markedly more friendly to Chinese ambitions than before. In this, Japan is to some extent taking her cue from Great Britain, which has accomplished in regard to China one of the most remarkable reversals of policy in her diplomatic history. The Chinese are determined to put an end to the unequal treaties; they have already signed with some eight of the powers new agreements providing for equality, and are now concentrating their efforts on the three chief nations which still stand out—Great Britain, Japan and the United States. This country ought to take the lead in acceding to China's wishes. We have a tradition of friendship for her; we have nothing to lose of any substantial value when compared to what we should gain in prestige and good will; and the unequal treaties belong to an era in diplomacy which is dead and gone. President Hoover, who knows China from personal residence, and Secretary Stimson, who has come fresh from service in the Far East, have a chance for a fine stroke, and one which would almost certainly be copied by England and Japan.

THE largest power company in America is now in the process of formation in New York State. It comprises a merger of the J. P. Morgan, the Carlisle and Schoellkopf interests. The Northeastern Power Corporation, the Buffalo, Niagara and Eastern Power Corporation and the Mohawk-Hudson Power Corporation, each of which in turn represents an amalgamation of smaller units, are being combined into the Niagara-Hudson Power Corporation, capitalized at $500,000,000. The Committee on Coal and Power in its excellent report on concentration of control in the electric power industry, just issued, points out that the Morgan interests, even before this latest merger is completed, control nearly 19 percent of the American hydro-electric production. The Electric Bond and Share Company comes next, with less than 16 percent, and the Insull organization is third with a little more than 10 percent. Governor Roosevelt speaks conservatively when he says that the new super-combination is "a matter of vital concern not only to commercial and manufacturing interests of the state, but also to every householder of the state who uses electric light or power in his home." The Governor points out that the Public Service Commission has only a most inadequate control over holding companies. He thinks the new combination may prevent decreases in rates which would otherwise have been accomplished, if it does not actually result in increased rates. The state of New York controls large potential sources of hydro-electric power of its own; and the Governor envisages the possibility that when it gets ready to market this power, it may find itself confronted by a virtual monopoly of transmission lines, putting it in a disadvantageous position. Governor Roosevelt has asked Attorney-General Hamilton Ward to investigate the merger and see whether any law has been violated, making a preliminary report in two weeks' time. Such an investigation is without doubt desirable; but it will leave grave questions still unanswered. Suppose the law has been violated: Will not the power interests be able to achieve the same end by more circuitous but equally effective methods? And if the law has not been violated, what does Governor Roosevelt propose?

SIX of the seven states involved in the Boulder Dam compact have now signed the document, and President Hoover has proclaimed that it is in effect. Arizona still stands out, but the President, who, as Secretary of Commerce, was the government official directly concerned in drawing up the agreement, hopes that she can be persuaded to accept the scheme in the next few months. A heavy responsibility now devolves upon Secretary Wilbur. Congress was unable to decide as between public and private ownership of the hydro-electric power to be generated at Boulder Dam, and passed the buck to the Secretary of the Interior. Under the law, he may lease the rights, and permit private interests to build the hydro-electric plant; or he may have the government build the plant and lease it; or the government may build and operate. The City of Los Angeles intends to bid for the privilege, and the city officials are worried because they think Secretary Wilbur intends to ask the bidder to build the plant. Their plans contemplate having the government build, and they fear Mr. Wilbur's intention is to let this tremendous source of electric energy get into the hands of the power trust. The Los Angeles proposal would involve distributing electricity to other towns and cities in southern California at rates which, it is promised, would be considerably lower than those now in force. Secretary Wilbur is an intelligent man, who has something of a reputation as a humanitarian. Unfortunately, the type of problem here presented is one with which he has had little experience, and he may be tempted, like the President he serves, to give undue weight to the shibboleth of "private enterprise," never more meaningless than in this connection. We hope he may have impressed upon him the cardinal principle: the power trust exists to make money, which may mean selling a limited amount of power at high prices; while public ownership, either under federal auspices or those of a municipality like Los Angeles, seeks to serve the people by distributing the greatest amount of power that can be employed to advantage.

IN The New Republic of June 12, we discussed the creation of a new daily newspaper in Mobile, Alabama, The Press. This paper was started because the existing journals of that city were, in the opinion of the thin-skinned officials of the electric power companies, too unsympathetic to the noble

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aims and utterly altruistic purposes of the aforesaid companies. When we wrote, there was no evidence that the money for this paper had come directly from the coffers of any power company; but since that issue of The New Republic appeared, the Federal Trade Commission has probed more deeply into the affairs of the Mobile Press; and it has found what was to be expected. It was power-trust money, after all; it was merely better concealed than usual. The story of the concealment is succinctly told in the columns of that admirable journal Editor and Publisher:

> The general counsel of a power company loaned $50,000 to a friend who was president of one of the power company's subsidiaries: this friend loaned it to a lumberman; the lumberman loaned it to a newspaper man; the newspaper man put it in a paper which had its inception at a luncheon attended by the president of a power company and two of its attorneys.

PRESIDENT HOOVER broke the Boy Scout record last week by two good deeds in one day—or at least, within twenty-four consecutive hours. In The New Republic of July 3, we described the campaign of The National Republic, which sought to raise funds "to fight destructive, radical and un-American propaganda" and did so by hinting that its efforts and those of the President himself were inextricably intertwined. Mr. Hoover promptly left The National Republic sitting in the middle of the street and looking silly, by issuing a statement repudiating the whole business. His other good deed was equally commendable. The Prohibition Bureau had the great idea of an educational campaign in the public schools, designed to make the children realize the horrors of drink and blessings of abstinence. Pamphlets had been prepared for this benign purpose, and the Bureau was on the point of distributing them in quantity when President Hoover read about the enterprise in the daily press. He called it off, forthwith, pending investigation and reconsideration, and it is unlikely that this bright dream will be heard of again. If Mr. Hoover keeps on at this rate, he may actually reduce the super-press-agentry which emanates from Washington to reasonable proportions, and if he does, he is the world's ultimate Miracle Man.

An Economic Program

EVERY NOW AND THEN a perplexed reader writes to The New Republic and asks, in substance, the following questions: Are you in favor of the capitalist system or against it? Are the rich getting richer and the poor getting poorer, or is poverty being abolished? Are our present big business institutions due for a collapse, or are they improving and socializing themselves? What are your principles, anyway? What is your program?

These questioners usually seem to assume that the answers to their inquiries are to come from some inner light, are to rest upon some moral affirmation, are to be deduced from some absolute. Even the most necessarily factual of the answers does not appear to depend, in the minds of many of those who ask, upon scientific observation, but rather to constitute a sort of touchstone by which this journal may prove its quality and be put into one of several familiar pigeon-holes, where, doubtless, it would fit more comfortably in such a purely conceptual universe as reformers or revolutionaries are likely to inhabit.

All those interested in such subjects would do well to make a close and careful study of "Recent Economic Changes," a two-volume work recently published for the National Bureau of Economic Research by the McGraw-Hill Book Company. It is long, it is not easy reading, it is full of statistical tables and charts. But, while the report of the Committee called together by Mr. Hoover, which prefaces the volumes, may perhaps be charged with being tendential, the factual studies which comprise the bulk of the volumes are earnest attempts, by competent experts in the various economic specialties, to answer many of the very questions on which the replies to our inquirers must be based, if one is to live in the phenomenal world rather than in an imaginary one. These studies are, naturally, unequal in quality; some of the authors are better students than others, some had better resources, some were more prejudiced, or less able to discount their prejudices. But it is doubtful whether any group of persons in the United States could, within similar limits of space, time and basic information, give us any better picture of the more important economic changes in America since the War.

What, then, is the verdict? The advocate of one point of view will cite the statements about the improved standards of food consumption and housing, the extension of schooling, the vast new quantities of automobiles and many other recently invented commodities entering into the average standard of living. He will dwell on the figures of greatly increased production of goods per capita, the swelling national income, the growth of savings, the tendency for prices to be stabilized and for the alternation between boom and depression to become less marked, the wide acceptance of the theory of the economy of high wages, the reduction of working hours. The advocate of the other point of view will call attention to the fact that wage incomes have actually been reduced for hundreds of thousands of workers in such depressed industries as mining and textiles, that in numerous other industries where incomes have been sustained due to higher productivity, wage rates have fallen, and that the average of wages in manufacturing has not risen as fast as output per worker, and has shown little, if any, gain since 1923. He will deplore the failure of unions and collective bargaining to extend their sphere of influence. He will note the continuing and serious amount of unemployment, which averaged all through 1927, according to strictly

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minimum estimate, over 2,000,000, or more than 6 percent of the non-agricultural wage and salary earners. He will, of course, remind us of the long agricultural depression, so difficult to remedy. He will see that although there are few signs that the rich are absorbing a larger proportion of the national income than before the War, still the richest tenth of the people have about one-third of the income, while the other 90 percent must share the remaining two-thirds. He will read with emphasis that prosperity has been enjoyed only by "the Middle Atlantic, the East North Central, and the Pacific states, an area which includes less than one-half the population and receives somewhat more than one-half the national income." And he will ponder the complex problems raised by war debts and reparations, our enormous foreign investments since the War, the growing tariff barriers, the tendency of American capital to leap these barriers by establishing production abroad instead of enlarging it here, and the inflation of speculative credit which is so largely international in origin.

Clearly, the record is neither all white, nor all black. Both pictures seem authentic, in the main, and, indeed, both may be approximately true at the same time. This will be one conclusion of any critical intelligence surveying the report—as indeed it was that of Professor Wesley C. Mitchell in his able summary chapter. But another, and far more important conclusion will be that the chief function of such a study as this is not, after all, to settle a debate. The few rough statements above give no adequate picture of the complexity and qualifications of the study itself, and this, in turn, falls far short of the reality. Due to lack of sufficient basic information, many of the experts' statements must be subject to an indefinite amount of revision. The careful reader will be impressed with the fragmentary nature of the material most of them had to work with, as chapter after chapter explains its limitations. And, indeed, some extremely important subjects were scarcely touched upon. In view of the amount of uncertainty surrounding this work of a staff of scientists busy for many months, and the mixed aspect of their conclusions, it is nothing less than childish for anybody to pretend that he has anything approaching a scientific basis for being either "for" or "against" the existing economic order. If his temperament demands a 100 percent certainty and a "strong" attitude, let him by all means assume it, but such an act is clearly the outcome of subjective rather than objective compulsion.

Must we, then, remain suspended in a rarefied atmosphere of critical inaction? Fortunately, this is not the alternative. Indeed, to be either "for" or "against" the existing state of economic affairs in its entirety is the really inactive vocation—unless the motions of a mental squirrel in a conceptual treadmill be conceived as action. If you are for "capitalism" you can do nothing about it except denounce the Reds; if you are against it, you are equally powerless to destroy the society in which you live and which conditions your every activity. But a closer look at the thing you want to change (or do not want to change) will reveal that it is not a well defined and static "order." It is itself changing, a very disorderly and uncertain condition of flux. The changes which take place are, some of them, in desired directions, and, some of them, in undesired ones. It is nonsense to talk either of destroying this stream or of protecting it against destroyers, but it is far from nonsense to talk of converting the disorder into order, of increasing the number of desired changes and decreasing the number of undesired ones.

That such activity is now possible is revealed incidentally by several sections of this study, objective and non-hortatory as it is. The admirable chapter on management by Mr. Henry S. Dennison, which is the result of careful research, shows in part the extent to which it may be possible for management to become intelligently socialized—whether in privately or publicly owned undertakings—though the progress of the average concern in the desirable direction is much less than has been contended by the more abject admirers of modern business. Mr. Edwin G. Nourse's chapter on agriculture, while it does not hold out much hope for legislative or emergency relief, does point out the possibility of better administration of such agencies as have been established, of helping the farmers to help themselves in economically possible directions, and of coöperative action. The need of adequate machinery to deal with unemployment is clearly shown in several places. Credit control of the right sort, informed guidance of the investment of capital, more intelligent policies on the part of many unions, the moderation of tariff absurdities—these and numerous other types of action are easy inferences from the factual material gathered.

But after all, the present report is only a beginning. Why should the task of assessing economic tendencies be left for occasional studies, made by experts hastily mobilized from other occupations, with inadequate resources and time? Why should its findings merely be published, instead of being passed on to bodies whose business it was to formulate policies appropriate to the facts discovered and to execute them? There should be in the United States what was recommended for Great Britain in the Liberal Committee's report on Britain's Industrial Future—an Economic General Staff continuously to assemble the incoming facts and to sift them out and interpret them, to formulate the important problems and investigate the creaking parts of the machinery. There should be attached to this body officers of the various agencies with administrative responsibilities, public and private, which can act. New bodies should be created wherever they are required. The effort to understand and to control for the sake of better order and justice should be a conscious and planned one, a truly national undertaking.

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Questions as to what ends ought to be pursued would take on more definiteness and sharpness as the information became available and the policies were determined. It may easily be that those with the greatest economic power in modern society would turn out to be selfish minorities seeking to influence these policies in their own interest. In that case the struggle against them would assume point and reality. But to assume that such a struggle is basic before the knowledge and the means of control have come into existence and when disorder is rampant, is to engage in fighting windmills. The next and most pertinent struggle is the endeavor for information, for understanding, and for the instruments of control which both rest upon and create the understanding. It is in this cause that The New Republic is enlisted. The warfare has many fronts—it requires shifts of attention among many concrete struggles, which may seem individually of slight import or dull to those who have their eyes fixed on a broad regeneration of society. But through them all runs the golden thread of enthusiasm for the effort of modern man to master his economic processes for the greater fulfillment of human life.

Struggling for Peace

JUNE 28, 1928, was the tenth anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Versailles. It was a day of mourning in Germany. Although the government of the Reich fully realizes the dangers of any outburst at the present stage of reparation negotiations, it nevertheless issued a statement again rejecting the clause in the Treaty of Versailles to the effect that Germany solely was responsible for the World War.

Many changes have quietly taken place in the peace treaties since that sullen day in the Hall of Mirrors at the Palace of Versailles ten years ago. As a result of the Locarno Pact, and of her admission into the League of Nations, Germany is no longer an outcast in Europe; she has resumed her role as a leading power; but it is not the bellicose role played by the Kaiser before the World War, it is a role of peace. No nation is doing more than Germany today in the development of an international society. Her efforts in this respect have not of course been disinterested. They have been directed at modifying the onerous provisions of the Treaty of Versailles.

The most striking revision of this treaty relates to reparation. The day of the impossible demands has disappeared. With the acceptance of the Young Plan, Germany knows definitely what her obligations are. As the price for putting the Young Plan into effect—and no one may predict how long this plan may last—the German government has demanded the immediate evacuation of the Rhineland and the return of the Saar. Last September, at Geneva, the Allied governments agreed to set up a committee to study the question of withdrawing the Allied troops from the Rhineland and to consider the desirability of establishing, in case of withdrawal, some form of international demilitarization commission. So far the Allies have failed to establish this committee. And Germany is naturally growing restless. She not only demands that the evacuation of the Rhineland, which in any event would take place in 1935, should be immediate, but that it should also be unconditional. In this contention she is entitled to the sympathies and support of the "neutral" world. There can be no real peace in Europe until foreign billets are withdrawn from German soil. The Allies have no more right to establish inquisitorial machinery in the Rhineland than in any other part of the world. If the relations between Germany and France are to become genuinely peaceful, they must rest upon the basis of reciprocal good faith.

Germany also demands the immediate return of the Saar. This area, lying north of Alsace-Lorraine, is inhabited by 650,000 souls, nearly all of whom are avowedly German. Nevertheless, the peace conference detached this territory from Germany, gave its rich coal mines to France, placed its administration in the hands of the League of Nations—an unenviable task—and provided that a plebiscite should be held in 1935 to determine the future status of the territory. From the beginning, this settlement was indefensible. If France was in need of Saar coal, the Treaty could have obliged the Saar to make deliveries in kind, without disturbing the political status of this territory. It is a foregone conclusion that the 1935 plebiscite will result in a victory for Germany. No advantage will accrue to France or to the League of Nations for holding on to the Saar until the bitter end. If the League of Nations is genuinely interested in what the German government calls a peace between "free and equally privileged nations," it should immediately surrender its administrative rights over this territory.

While the immediate goal of the German government is the evacuation of the Rhineland and the return of the Saar, it has other objectives to which it clings. The first of these relates to the limitation of armaments. The Treaty of Versailles imposed drastic limitations upon the size of the German army and navy. The imposition of these one-sided restrictions was justified "in order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations." But instead of disarming, the other powers have been bickering at Geneva without result. If a concrete armaments-limitation agreement, applying to armaments upon land as well as upon sea, is not soon realized, we may expect the German government to cast off the one-sided armament restrictions of the peace treaty. Only last December the government began the construction of the "Ersatz Preussen." While this vessel conforms to the technical limitations of the peace treaty, German ingenuity has made it the

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most powerful cruiser afloat; and its construction indicates that the German government is not going to abandon its armaments unless other governments agree to make concessions.

There is also no doubt but that the German government envisages the revision of the eastern frontier. The geography of this settlement, which involves the status of Danzig, the Polish Corridor and Upper Silesia, is complicated. There is, however, general agreement that the majority of the Danzigers are German, and that the majority of the people of the Corridor are non-German. Taking the district as a whole, Upper Silesia is apparently predominantly German, but it seems that, as divided by the League Council several years ago, Polish Upper Silesia contains a bare majority of Poles. For the time being, it is unlikely that the territorial boundary in Upper Silesia will be modified. Nevertheless, Germany has insisted upon a stricter observance of minority rights in this area; and, as The New Republic pointed out several weeks ago, the League Council at its Madrid meeting improved the existing minority machinery.

While the Upper Silesia settlement is too involved to be immediately unraveled, the situation in Danzig is comparatively simple. Despite its overwhelming majority of Germans, the Peace Conference took Danzig away from Germany and made it into a free city, in which Poland was given predominant economic rights, subject to the supervision of a League of Nations commissioner. The ostensible object of this settlement was to give Poland an access to the sea. Nevertheless this object seems merely to have been a pretext to weaken the territorial integrity and commercial strength of Germany. Had the Allies merely wished to give Poland an access to the sea, they could have established free zones in Danzig for Polish use, just as they established free ports at Hamburg and Stettin for use by Czechoslovakia. At present, Poland has forfeited all claim to Danzig by constructing a competing port at Gdynia, under exclusive Polish control. The sooner Danzig is restored to Germany, the sooner will the hypocrisy of the 1919 settlement be destroyed.

There are some Germans who also demand the union of Germany and Austria. From the standpoint of the Allies, the only objection to this union, which the peace treaties now prohibit without the permission of the League Council, is strategic. But how can this argument have any standing in these days of the Anti-War Pact, Locarno and compulsory arbitration? Once the League Council gave its consent to the *Anschluss*, it is doubtful whether it would take place—simply because many Germans do not wish to increase the Catholic and Socialist population of Germany, which union with Austria would entail.

Disagreement also exists in regard to the return of the colonies. The Nationalists wish this return so as to wipe out the "Colonial Lie" and to secure exclusive markets for German enterprise. Other Germans believe, however, that the election of a German as a member of the League Mandates Commission, which now supervises administration in the former German colonies, is a tacit admission that Germany is fit to rule colonies. They believe that the interests of Germany lie in increasing the open door throughout the whole colonial world instead of attempting to secure exclusive markets and sources of raw materials. Under the mandates system, Germans now enjoy the advantages of trade but none of the responsibilities of administration.

Overshadowing all of these material objectives is the desire to wipe out the war-guilt clause from the Treaty of Versailles, in accordance with the view of historians that Germany was not solely responsible for causing this war. At one time many Germans believed that if the war-guilt clause could be obliterated, Germany could logically demand a return to the territorial and financial *status quo* of 1914. As long as the Germans held this view the Allies were opposed to any meddling with the famous Article 231. But German sentiment now seems to have changed. Herr Stresemann has recently intimated that the payment of reparation results, not from Germany's exclusive war guilt but from the fact that Germany lost the War. Under the Young Plan, there are no punitive levies in fact, it is doubtful whether the burden imposed upon Germany by this plan is any greater than the financial burden already imposed upon certain Allied governments by virtue of internal debt. In other words, the financial costs of the War have finally been equally shared—except for the United States. The position of complete equality which Germany now enjoys in the League is another tacit admission that the war-guilt clause has become obsolete.

Nevertheless, for reasons of national prestige and for political advantage, this clause is likely to be the object of recurrent complaint from Germany. From the political standpoint, it is virtually impossible to strike out Article 231 from the Treaty of Versailles. But, as The New Republic suggested several months ago, it should not be difficult for the Allies to reinterpret this article to mean that Germany was responsible merely for the damage arising out of the physical invasion of France in 1914.

During the next few years, the world must be prepared for a German campaign of words in favor of a revision of those terms of the peace treaties which are palpably unjust. The best medium for this purpose, the best judge of the German claims, will be the League of Nations Assembly. Article 19 of the Covenant expressly empowers the Assembly to advise the reconsideration of treaties which have become inapplicable, and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world. The vigorous use of this article will prove that the League is not a tool of the victors of the last war, but an instrument of international justice and good will.

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Waldorfs New and Old

In America, at the present moment, everything preaches. The stones cry out, the carpets testify, the electric bells give us agonies of moral passion. You cannot remain five minutes in that palace, the new Waldorf, without having a fit of the blues which is like to drive you into a monastery. There has probably never been such a display—such a grand opera finale—of unsuggestive comfort as assails and slays the soul of the world-weary man who enters that pile. On certain nights in the winter, persons who have paid large sums for the privilege sit upon little movable sofas and look at each other and at the gilding about them. They are dressed in their smartest clothes, and between times ices are handed about. The music is good; the masterpieces of immortal genius divinely played. But you do not hear the music. Something comes between you and the music like a veil—like a mist of oppression and questioning. A sense of impending gloom makes you half believe that the whole thing is a dream.

You are preoccupied, wondering what is this thing? Is it a party? Some of these people I seem to know—gloves and ices, flowers and opera hats. Is it at least a charity ball? But where's the charity? The benevolence and publicity, the human interest of a public ball? Is it a horse show or a hop at Tuxedo? Is it the opera? But where are the galleries, and the roar of the populace applauding? All is dead. Rigid—electric. The Eden Musée. The nightmare deepens to its climax and struggling with our will to grasp the truth, we hold it at last, and say it almost with a shriek—"It is a real estate speculation!" And you and I are doing it. We sit here raising the value of acres of property, drawn here by glamor—kept here by curiosity, chained in this purgatory of lies and horror—by our own belief in the lie that we are hearing Schubert's Unfinished Symphony.

THE foregoing is an editorial by Mr. John Jay Chapman published in his magazine, The Political Nursery, a generation ago, when the Waldorf was new, and the Astoria had not been added to it. Today the old Waldorf is being demolished, and a bigger and more magnificent Waldorf, forty stories high and costing $40,000,000, is to be built uptown. The sort of thing which Mr. Chapman deplored has gone on, undaunted by his criticism or anybody else's, and has now swollen to such enormous proportions that it dominates the whole city—that it is, in fact, the city. The new Waldorf on Park Avenue will be just what the old Waldorf was and just what all the other new hotels and all the skyscraping apartments are—a real-estate speculation. New Yorkers still live to raise property values, and, in consequence, they find their lives becoming more and more unsatisfactory. They rarely own a foot of the earth's soil; they rarely own the roofs over their heads; and they rarely even occupy the same set of rooms for more than a few years together. Even the biggest and most imposing buildings seem entirely impermanent, and the New Yorker is able to establish only an uneasy and precarious base in homes which have no personal significance and in a city which seems to have no future.

Yet, in the meantime, the life of the great hotels and of the new hotel-apartment buildings has in some ways become more attractive than it was in the somewhat stuffy and upholstered period when the old Waldorf was built. The wholesale luxury of the modern New York hotels is still sufficiently inhuman and lacking in distinction; but the hotel has won the day: it is the kind of place in which we have chosen to live; it has become a sort of symbol for the city. We shall not be able to hear the Unfinished Symphony in the new Waldorf on Park Avenue any better than in the Thirty-fourth Street Waldorf of thirty years ago: but we are supplied, in our modern hotels, with a seductive convenience and comfort—they give us gaiety, movement and color. They are, after all, in their way, palaces. They are democratic palaces, replacing the old private palaces of the Vanderbilts and the Astors; and they will perhaps soon be the only palaces we have.

For in the modern American hotel anybody who has made a little money may enjoy a certain amount of splendor. He can dine in imperial dining-rooms; he can command a vast staff of servants; he can occupy a clean, usually comfortable, and very often attractive room, equipped with every possible convenience; and he can have his breakfast in bed. To reach this room he ascends to a great height; to go to dinner he traverses vast spaces. He can summon a tailor, a barber, a doctor, or a masseur at a moment's notice. He has only to go up or down a few floors to find a swimming-pool or a gymnasium. Has there ever been any other time in the world when all this luxury could be had by anybody for the asking and at a moderate price? It is a new luxury of the mass. And though it is true that a city like New York, whose growth becomes too closely identified with the stimulation of an appetite for this luxury cannot be expected, in the long run, to provide satisfactory lives for its inhabitants—it has, none the less, its own kind of magnificence, which we may not be ashamed sometimes to enjoy.

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Mr. Borsodi's Way Out

The Story of a Man Who Fights the Factory by Domesticating the Machine

MANY MEN have dreamed of making over our civilization; and it has been my unhappy lot to have quantities of them come, one after another, sit beside my desk and tell me their plans, usually at times when I did not want to hear them. Most of these people confine themselves to theorizing, and are, therefore, of little importance. When I find someone who has made his criticism the basis for action, and has done so successfully, I sit up and take notice. Such a person is Mr. Ralph Borsodi.

Mr. Borsodi dislikes certain aspects of the factory era, a view which he shares with many other persons. He is not content, however, merely to say that our machine-made life is ugly, or monotonous, or stereotyped or depressing. While he does say these things, he also plays on the one instrument which cannot fail to be heard in America today—the keys of the cash register. Borsodi says that we have overdone our worship of factory methods, mass-production and the Ford idea. He believes that, to a certain extent, and in regard to certain products, a return to domestic production (using the word "domestic" in its literal sense) will be an undoubted economy for the consumer. And he has proved this in one of the most interesting practical experiments that I have heard of in many years.

There is a temptation to compare Borsodi's ideas with those of Gandhi, but such a comparison would be unfair. Gandhi, largely for political and psychological reasons, advocates substitution of hand work for the machine in the making of cloth in India, a proposal which in the long run is economically unsound and, therefore, cannot endure. Borsodi has no quarrel with the machine as such; he merely proposes to domesticate it. He uses it wherever he can and is treading on the inventors' heels, demanding that they turn out new ones for specified purposes. He is a bit of a dreamer—this slender young American with a tousled crop of black hair above a hawk-like profile; but he is a practical enthusiast who has a budget sheet behind every one of his dreams.

He began with a Dilemma—the same dilemma in which so many hundreds of thousands of other urban Americans find themselves today. He was a salaried intellectual, living in a great city and unable to create a sufficiently wide margin between income and outgo to assure himself that his old age would be provided for. He recognized a truth about which so many delude themselves, that a great increase in his income was not sufficiently likely to enable him to count on it, and that if such an increase did take place, the normal human probability was that it would be accompanied by a rise in his standard of living which would make large savings just as difficult as before. "Since I can't increase my income," Mr. Borsodi said to himself, "I must decrease my outgo." And this he has done. I don't wish to be any more personal than I can help, in an article which, after all, describes a personal achievement; but it is only fair to say that Mr. Borsodi now lives on a scale appropriate to a salary several thousand dollars larger than he receives, and that in addition he has slain the fiery dragon and is able both to save money and to expend it in substantial sums for purposes which are themselves productive.

The first point in the Borsodi program was to move to the country—not to an expensive commuting suburb, but far enough out so that his limited resources enabled him to buy a place of several acres. There he practises what can fairly be described as "the Borsodi system." He still comes to the city, but he does not commute daily, his work being of a character which can be done with irregular office hours, and much of it at home. Some readers will object that he has already departed so far from the normal experience that his example cannot be followed, since most men have jobs which keep them from nine to five at least five days a week. To this Mr. Borsodi makes a double answer. If it were not, he says, for his new condition of increased economic independence, he probably would not venture to propose to his employers an unusual arrangement of working hours, even though it does not in any way decrease the value of his services to them. There must be many men, he thinks, who could duplicate his experience if they only dared to take the stoop out of their backs and look the world in the face. And in the second place, many phases of his plan can be put into operation even in the average little suburban home, which is well within the limit of daily commutation.

What is this great new idea? The principle on which Mr. Borsodi operates might be expressed as follows:

Never buy anything for household use without

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first making sure that it cannot be produced in better quality or more cheaply, or both, at home.

And again: *Never hesitate to buy a piece of machinery for household use if there is a good chance that it will earn its way.*

When I first heard these ideas expressed, they sounded dreary to me. I pictured a home resembling a factory, where every member of the family bent for long hours over his machine, a place where, perhaps, inferior food and makeshift equipment were used amid a fictitious glow of enthusiasm over the fact that they were home products. But no such picture enters into Mr. Borsodi's cosmos. If you assume that the average family consists of father, mother and two or three half-grown children, all the work necessary for carrying out his scheme can be done without the employment of outside labor, by the family's devoting to it an hour or two a day. This does not mean child labor in any obnoxious sense; it means merely that the children participate, within the limits of their strength and their stick-to-it-iveness, in the activities of their elders, just as all children have done, since the world began, until the factory era came along and reduced the home to a series of pigeonholes, in which people are unwilling to stay, except long enough to eat and sleep. True, Mr. Borsodi finds it profitable to employ a man for the heavy work on his homestead of eighteen acres, but someone else might decide that such a thing was undesirable, and still be true to the main idea.

Just what are the specific activities which should be carried out in any given home is a matter on which Mr. Borsodi places little stress. The important thing, he thinks, is the realization that our zeal for factory methods has carried us too far; that we have not only applied mass-production in fields where it is desirable, but in fields where it is conspicuously wasteful, and that this application needs critical reëxamination. In his own case, he has found by experiment that it is better to raise vegetables in his garden than to buy them in cans (except, of course, those which won't grow in the latitude of New York). He grinds in an electric household mill his own flour for making his own breadstuffs, obtaining thereby higher nutritive value in the wheat and other grains, since the germinal elements have not been destroyed to make the flour "keep." He also produces bread, rolls, flapjacks, whole-wheat waffles, etc., which his family greatly prefers to anything the bakery can supply. His chicken house supplies him with eggs and with fowls for roasting or frying. He kept a cow to supply the family's quota of milk until he discovered that the cow was a productive unit too large to be economical for a single family, and supplanted her with a herd of Swiss goats. He burns for heat wood taken from his own patch of timber, and cut up by a rotary saw. The household plan involves doing some home canning, with a steam-pressure cooker. On the other hand, there are certain activities which cannot as yet be conducted profitably within the household. One of these is the weaving of cloth, and another is the making of tailored garments.

I omit a detailed description of the various activities which have been found successful under the Borsodi system, partly because they will be described in three articles by Mr. Borsodi, to be published in The New Republic in the near future, and partly because I am chiefly concerned here with the philosophy which lies behind them, and with the hope which that philosophy holds out to other men whose social status is roughly comparable to his. As I have said, the Borsodi idea should not be confused with an attack on machinery as such. He is quick to adopt any new labor-saving device which proves its worth. He is not sure just how many motors are in daily operation in his home, but he thought thirty was a not unreasonable estimate. Inventors and manufacturers of machinery, he observes, have only lately begun to pay serious attention to devices for the home, having concentrated their interest in the past upon factory equipment. Mr. Borsodi complains that there is a whole list of machines which ought to exist and do not.

I have said that Mr. Borsodi is enabled by his system to live on a scale far better than would otherwise be possible to him. This is, however, a form of statement to which he is certain to object, for he thinks of the savings which his system makes possible, not in monetary terms primarily but in those of time. He has tabulated the number of hours of work which are necessary for himself or any other man in his position, in order to earn each of the items in a standard budget—housing, food, clothing, etc. The savings which he effects, he registers in terms of time which can be taken away from toil at one's job and put into recreation, the pursuit of hobbies, or that genuinely creative work in the arts or in scientific research which so many professional men say they would like to do. Mr. Borsodi makes the statement, and supports it with detailed facts, that the average man who lives in a New York City apartment could, by following the principles he lays down, maintain his family at an equivalent status by working only eight or nine months of the year. There would be many, of course, who would not want to cash in on their economies in this way; they would prefer to work eleven or eleven and a half months, as they do now, and to put their surplus money into the bank.

In Mr. Borsodi's view, one of the most important aspects of his plan is its educational value for children. He is in accord with the most advanced present educational theory when he argues that it is a good thing for children to imitate, and to participate in, the activities of their elders. Indeed, the most fashionable and expensive ultra-modern experimental schools in New York City go to no end of trouble to reproduce for the children some of the conditions which are created naturally by the Borsodi plan.

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Even more important, of course, is the social implication. Any quantity of people are saying nowadays that the home is breaking up, and most of them deplore this. It is obviously the factory which has produced the change: when the home disappears as an economic unit, the strongest of the threads which held it together as a social organization have been broken. Mr. Borsodi contends that his plan brings back the economic function of the home to an extent which greatly enhances its reality in the minds of the family members. I am not prepared to say whether this is true; but I do feel that Mr. Borsodi's ideas are sufficiently interesting to merit careful consideration by everyone who is dissatisfied with the organization of life in urban America of 1929. BRUCE BLIVEN.

The New Republic will publish three articles by Mr. Borsodi, the first of which will appear next week and will be entitled "One Way Out."

Mr. Woll on the Tariff

MANY Americans still cherish the belief, based upon their school-day reading, that the tariff protects the great mass of American labor from competition with cheap foreign labor. What better witness can we have on that important point than that eminent representative of American workers, Mr. Matthew Woll of the American Federation of Labor? He appeared recently before the House Committee on Ways and Means, representing the International Allied Printing Trades, and appealed for higher rates on printed matter. I propose to reprint part of what he said.

Mr. Woll began by paying some attention to the spiritual needs of his followers. I quote from the record, page 6174:

> MR. RAINEY (of Illinois): A large proportion of these Bibles are distributed, are they not?
>
> MR. WOLL: They are.
>
> MR. RAINEY: Do you not think you could get along without taxing Bibles?
>
> MR. WOLL: There is no reason why they ought not to pay a tax, the same as all other religious publications. They are being sold for profit, and if that commercialism enters into the business life, and if men may go out and make a profit in the matter of Bibles and religious publications, then surely we, as wage earners, ought to be protected in that class of work, and be given the opportunity of doing that kind of work.
>
> MR. RAINEY: I am thinking about the consumers of Bibles. I am glad to know they are increasing. Don't you think we can get along without increasing the price to the consumers?
>
> MR. WOLL: We are not interested in the matter of the price to the consumer, other than the wage problem that enters into it.
>
> MR. RAINEY: I know; but a great many are interested in the consumers, especially the consumers of Bibles. I do not want to discourage them altogether.

Mr. Woll's declaration of his lack of interest in consumers is merely a prelude to his half-thinking about the tariff.

Though he complained about the growing quantity of imports of printed matter, Congressman Hull pointed out that our exports of similar nature amounted to from $12,000,000 to $20,000,000 as against $12,000,000 of books and other printed matter admitted duty-free.

> MR. WOLL: I am here for the printing trades organizations, who feel seriously the competition from abroad, and who feel that since we exclude foreign labor from coming directly in competition with American labor by the Immigration Act, in order to give the protection intended thereby, and to give application to the principle of the protective tariff, the commodities produced by foreign printing trades, on a lower standard, should likewise be curtailed to the extent of a proper assessment of duty upon such matters as are imported.
>
> MR. HULL (of Tennessee): I appreciate that in theory, and in fact, where an industry makes it a little more applicable than this one; but where an industry is exporting from $12,000,000 to $20,000,000 and importing, including books 30 years old, only $12,000,000, I am wondering wherein our labor is being displaced or seriously handicapped. . . .

Pressed about the question of taking care of our surplus production and of tariff reciprocity, Mr. Woll displays vagueness again.

> MR. WOLL: To be very frank with you, to answer your question intelligently I would have to consider more fully the entire tariff legislation problem, which, unfortunately, I am not prepared at this moment to do.

But now for the really important part of his testimony.

> MR. HULL: You are one of the best informed men, I think, in the country in connection with these industrial labor questions. Have you in mind the figures showing just what number of wage earners are in the tariff-sheltered industries that get tariff benefits? . . . There are about 25,000,000 or 30,000,000 wage earners.
>
> MR. WOLL: There are about 25,000,000 wage earners; yes, sir.
>
> MR. HULL: Not over 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 of them are in tariff-sheltered industries where the tariff is at all effective, are they?
>
> MR. WOLL: That is true, and there are many that

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could not possibly come under it, because they are not in competition. Thousands of men engaged in our transportation industries could not possibly have any tariff protection; nor could the men engaged in the building industry secure any tariff protection. They are not in competition, except for the material that enters into the building enterprises. The men erecting the building are not in competition. You can not import completed buildings. You have to erect them. So, there are many industries that can not possibly be protected by tariff legislation, because the finished commodity is not imported.

MR. HULL: When you speak of tariff protection for American labor, you mean in the light of our economic situation and industrial situation, about 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 out of the total of 25,000,000 wage earners.

MR. WOLL: Supposing it were?

MR. HULL: I am not taking issue with you, you understand?

MR. WOLL: Supposing that the actual number protected by the tariff amounted to about 5,000,000 out of the 25,000,000 and odd, or one-fifth, and that the others, by reason of the nature of the occupations involved, are not meeting competition from foreign lands. Surely we are justified in giving protection to that 5,000,000 because the conditions of life and the conditions of employment that reflect themselves upon those 5,000,000 are bound to have a reflex action upon the condition of the remaining 20,000,000.

MR. HULL: I am not arguing that at all; but sometimes, in our enthusiasm during political campaigns, we let the whole 25,000,000 wage earners think that they are greatly enriched by some kind of imaginary tariff protection.

MR. CHINDBLOM (of Illinois): You would not dissent from the proposition surely, that if 5,000,000 wage earners out of 25,000,000 are benefited by tariff protection the other 20,000,000 get indirect benefits, and that the entire level of wages is raised?

MR. WOLL: I thought I made my answer clear, that if only 5,000,000 out of 25,000,000 were protected . . .

MR. CHINDBLOM: Directly.

MR. WOLL: Directly—the reflex action upon the 20,000,000 would be really as great, because you could not affect the standards of employment or conditions of labor of 5,000,000, which is one-fifth of 25,000,000, without likewise affecting all the balance.

MR. CHINDBLOM: Exactly. Therefore our enthusiasm is not altogether misplaced.

But it never occurred to Mr. Woll that the reflex action—as he chooses to call it—of an act affecting the condition of 20,000,000 workers would be as potent upon the fortunes of the remaining 5,000,000, as the reverse. The tariff will raise prices paid by 20,000,000 without raising their money wages. Their purchasing power for the products of the 5,000,000 and of one another will be correspondingly decreased. Where is the advantage to labor? But perhaps Mr. Woll was really thinking of the tariff-protected employers in the National Civic Federation, of which he is acting President.

MARCUS A. HEYMAN.

Alsace and Lorraine: Ten Years After

JUST a decade ago France recovered her lost sections of Alsace and Lorraine. French troops, the President of the French Republic, and delegations from the French Parliament were received by the populations of the dis-annexed provinces with delirious joy. The President of France, who ten years later is Prime Minister of France, and the Mayor of Strasbourg, were moved by the jubilant crowds in the great Alsatian city to exclaim: *"Voilà le plébiscite! Le plébiscite est fait!"* In Paris the black crêpe was lifted from the statue of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde. . . . Today, after ten years of French rule, a veil of mourning, in the words of one of the Alsatian Deputies least critical of the government, covers the visage of Alsace.

All frank opinion recognizes that unrest and discontent are widespread in the recovered provinces. The government naturally plays up a difference between Alsace and Lorraine, based on certain real dissimilarities, as well as on the jealousy of Metz and the Moselle towards Strasbourg and the two Rhine departments; but for all concerned, the two provinces are more alike than unlike in their feeling towards French administration and its results.

Hence the debate on Alsace-Lorraine, in the Chamber of Deputies, the last week of January and the first two weeks of February, was inevitable. In fact, it was long overdue. A sort of truce for financial rehabilitation was at an end. The elections of 1928, the summer vacations, the defeat and reorganization of the Poincaré cabinet, and the voting of the budget, had merely postponed it. Another short delay had been due to the unseating, on technical grounds, by the Chamber, of Ricklin and Rossé, the two autonomist Deputies convicted at the famous Colmar trial and pardoned; but when two more avowed autonomists had been elected in their stead, the quota of Alsace-Lorraine was complete and the debate could begin.

In bulk, if not in quality, this debate surpassed all previous ones on Alsatian affairs. Sparks flew at times, but the Speaker's determination to keep the debate on a high plane reduced the usual altercations. The result was a series of long speeches. The authors of the eleven interpellations on the past and future policy of the government in Alsace and Lorraine found it hard to stay within their hour

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limit. Other speakers with mandates for special groups or parties swelled the sum of eloquence. Monsieur Poincaré spoke for over ten hours. In all, nine days and eleven sittings were consumed.

Not much that was said was new. The native Deputies, who had apparently agreed on a division of labor, drew up a formidable list of complaints, and suggested many remedies, most of which had been heard before. Nearly everyone drew at length on history. Psychological, philosophical, theological, philological, and ethnological explanations, and all the rest of it, were listened to again. No speaker could possibly deal with more than a small part of this complex situation; and the very effort to be clear ran the danger of too great a simplicity.

To an outsider, the French of the "interior" seem over-confident in formal logic. They believe that the Alsatian *malaise* is due principally to the agitation of a few autonomist leaders, who receive encouragement and money from Germany. Hence they conclude that, if these autonomists were vigorously prosecuted, the native population would no longer be imposed upon. Yet the *malaise* is plainly the cause rather than the result of the autonomist movement; since attacks on the autonomists merely increase the general discontent. But most of the French—other than the Left, which disapproves on principle of repressive measures—believe that what is needed is more severity; and they refuse to realize that a real appeasement of the general unrest would deprive the autonomist fire of its fuel.

The *malaise* itself is highly complex, and no good can come from assuming that it is simple. France of the "interior" is in the highest degree unitary. Alsace-Lorraine, however, is in many ways unique; and though there are bonds that make the recovered provinces fundamentally French, no ideal of strict uniformity should be demanded.

The three chief points at issue are religion, language, and administration; and each of these is interwoven with the others.

Alsace-Lorraine was, of course, a part of the German Empire when the separation of Church and State was consummated in France, and the congregations dissolved. Neither of these far-reaching events having occurred in Alsace-Lorraine, two very different situations were brought together after the Armistice. The people of the recovered provinces are deeply religious; and though in France some Republicans of the Left insist that French law might have been introduced into Alsace-Lorraine during the enthusiasm following the Armistice, and that it must be introduced eventually, such a step is at present impossible. But sooner or later a government of the Left will come into power which will attempt it, and the prospect does not make for peace of mind in the dis-annexed provinces.

There is a similar contrast between the confessional schools of Alsace-Lorraine and the laic schools of the "interior" of France. The contrast is the important point, and there is little use in trying to weigh the merits of the two systems. Compulsory religious training, with reasonable exemptions, in Catholic, Protestant, and Israelite schools is the established system in Alsace-Lorraine, and is approved by the great majority of parents, who are bitterly opposed to any tendency to import the laic schools from the "interior." They are even opposed to interconfessional schools except where a very small commune cannot afford separate schools for the different sects. Their spokesmen explain that the opposition to any extension of these schools, like that attempted by the Herriot government, is not aimed at the schools themselves, but results from a natural fear that they are merely a step towards complete laicization.

This question of the schools is the connecting link between those of religion and language. French must naturally be the national language. But to what extent it should be the primary language for people of whom more than three-fourths speak a Germanic dialect as their native tongue and for whom literary German is the natural vehicle of written communication is a different matter. The extreme autonomists insist that German must be the "regular diet" and French a "dessert"; the extreme "assimilationists" would like to see German eliminated. At present, with theoretical bilinguism, the official emphasis on French must face a century-old tradition of the use of the dialects.

The problem of administration is as interwoven with those of religion and language as they are with each other. The proclamation of French as the official language resulted in the issuance of public documents which were incomprehensible to most of those who received them. Office-holders from the "interior" have been given the choicest positions, which has naturally caused resentment among the natives. In the courts and administrative offices, it has often been impossible for citizens to talk with their officials without interpreters. Only recently have official documents begun to appear in both languages. The policy has at last been adopted of sending the recovered provinces officials with an adequate knowledge of German, but it is admitted that enough cannot be found in the "interior." Again, many teachers have been imported from the "interior." Trained in the laic schools, they must now give religious instruction, which is plainly unfair to both teacher and pupil. Moreover, this instruction must be given in French, though all the sects agree that it is better to use the language spoken between parents and children at the fireside. Theoretically excellent and fair instructions have been issued, assuring the teaching of German in the primary schools, and establishing tests of proficiency in the language. But in practice, the results are by no means always satisfactory. The French are delighted to hear of marvelous results in teaching French to children for whom it is not the native tongue; but parents who know no French are

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not so pleased when these children write home in bad German. Where comparatively irresponsible bureaucrats are involved, the best instructions may be of little avail.

Alsace and Lorraine are governed by French law, by law of the former German Empire, and by law of Alsace-Lorraine. Many parts of the two latter are recognized to be superior to French law; but the recovered provinces are either mystified or disillusioned at finding that the fetish, *la France une et indivisible,* stands in the way of "interpenetration," that is, of the assimilation at times of French law to good law. Again, the populations, having known both the German and French administrative systems, inevitably compare the two—not always to the advantage of the French. Under the Germans, the populations enjoyed a large degree of self-government, and administrative problems were settled on the spot. Under the French, they have experienced the condescension, formality, delays, and stupidity of bureaucrats in a highly centralized system, still best described in the much worn, but well worn, phrase of Lamennais, as "apoplexy at the center and paralysis at the extremities."

All this and much more was elaborated, in the debate by the eleven interpellators of the government. The complaints, as has been said, were not new, but perhaps the debate did some good as a safety-valve by reventilating them; otherwise it was almost negligible in its results. Monsieur Poincaré's reply, as an irreverent journalist phrased it, was "in three acts," and displayed the two qualities that an English poet is said to have recognized as the chief qualifications for an historian, "thorough prejudice and a bad temper." In the first act, he resented the almost complete lack of any recognition in these complaints of what had been done by France for the recovered provinces. Forgetting the glowing words of a President of the Senate, who said after the Armistice that France would always be the debtor of Alsace and Lorraine, he enumerated the blessings that the dis-annexed provinces owed to France. Perhaps he was not altogether to be blamed for this. On the whole, French economic policy in the two provinces has probably been superior to that of the Germans. The French have given publicity to the words of a German journalist who wrote that he came to Alsace-Lorraine to study its discontent and that everywhere he found prosperity. The deeply religious populations doubtless reminded him that "man does not live by bread alone." In any event, Monsieur Poincaré recognized that the causes of the *malaise* were elsewhere. In the second act, which consumed five hours, he answered criticism and mentioned remedies. The most striking detail was his promise, for which he accepted full responsibility, that the religious status of the provinces would not be changed except at the request of the native peoples. This proclamation undoubtedly has had a good effect. The Premier's promises with respect to language and administration were less clear-cut, though not negligible. What will happen to his good intentions at the hands of bureaucrats remains to be seen. The third part of the speech was the most remarkable. Monsieur Poincaré was so horrified by the activities of the autonomists that he saw red. He bristled with quotations from German-language autonomist newspapers; he angrily dismissed the criticism that these quotations were removed from their context, and scouted the accusation that they were inadequately translated. Himself an inveterate heckler, he silenced all interruptions with threats and bitter personalities. He refused to assume the responsibility of government any longer without a law authorizing action against the autonomists; and his Right Center majority is sure to give it to him, just as it has supported him in a refusal of a general amnesty. The Radicals and Radical-Socialists voted his simple resolution of confidence in the recovered provinces, but with little relish for it after his talk of repression. Repression makes martyrs, whereas leniency can make only ingrates; and better a hundred ingrates, from their point of view, than one martyr.

One suspects that the leaders in Alsace and Lorraine realize subconsciously that they are fighting a losing fight. In the *malaise* there is, perhaps, a large admixture of the tragic sadness of lost causes. Alsace and Lorraine are passionate lovers of liberty; they have a deep attachment for their religion, their language, and their tradition of good administration. They are willing to suffer hardships for an ideal hopefully pursued; but in their hearts they must have the hopeless feeling that they are to be sacrificed for an ideal that is not theirs. Church and State will eventually be separated in Alsace-Lorraine; laic schools will inevitably be established; and French will encroach increasingly, though probably not completely, on the Germanic dialects. The cause of administrative autonomy is likely to struggle valiantly but hopelessly in the tentacles of French centralization. The real Alsace, of course, will never die; and when it is overwhelmed by superior forces, it will, like Mistral's old woman at the bottom of the well, remain alive and emerge again. Whether the old woman can turn out to be the Phoenix remains to be seen.

R. K. Gooch.

The Ideal

She said, "Before the feet of love grow tired,
Let us put wings upon his lagging shoe,
Forget the kisses that we once desired,
And love unbodied, as the angels do,
That we may be unchanged by changing weather."

That night she dreamed their lips clung hard together,
And woke, and wept to find it was not true.

Dorothea Matthews.

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The South Fights the Unions

What the State Troops Did at Elizabethton

EAST TENNESSEE'S "Happy Valley" has recently been disturbed by the tread of state militiamen, settling an industrial disturbance. Varying stories have been told of these troubles at Elizabethton, and it is hard to discover the truth, but this much may be said: The industrialists of the South were frightened by the Elizabethton strike, feared it might be the beginning of a decade of labor difficulties in the industrializing of the South, and were determined that the strike menace be nipped in the bud. Hence the troops.

The two rayon plants at Elizabethton, a small town in upper east Tennessee, were built by German capital, and are operated under German experts. One is known as the Bemberg plant, the other as the Glanzdorf; there is some mutuality of ownership and management. When these industries came to Elizabethton, with millions of dollars to invest, there was rejoicing among the business men of the region; for the rayon plants meant more weekly pay-rolls, busy stores, good rents, and increasing real-estate values.

The business leaders of the town had supplied the rayon people, before the factories were built, with figures as to the prevailing rents and other costs of living, and the wages at which labor could be had. These figures were no doubt correct at the time they were made, but with the erection of the rayon plants conditions changed. The demand for homes began to exceed the supply; rents went up. So did food costs. The promised wages had seemed magnificent to the girls in the coves of the mountains, but now that they had come down from the hills, they claimed that they were hardly making enough to live on. The repetitive labor of the factories was quite different from the individual work on the mountain farm.

This was the situation early in 1929, when the workers in one of the plants realized that they were receiving a lower scale of wages than those in the other, although performing identical tasks. In March, the demand of the workers in the low-scale factory for the same wages as those in the other provoked a strike. This first strike seems to have sprung from the workers themselves; no union organizer was on hand. In a few days, Dr. Mothwurf, the director of both plants, announced that he would put the factories on an identical wage basis, and the strikers returned to work.

This proved to be not a peace but an armistice. According to the worker's claims, they had been back at work only a few days when the management began to discharge those whom it considered responsible for bringing on the strike. One of Dr. Mothwurf's promises had been that all workers would be received back without prejudice; and a second strike followed. It was then that the organizers of the United Textile Workers appeared in Elizabethton. The American Federation of Labor had taken note of the Tennessee troubles, and had sent a vice-president to Elizabethton to offer help. The syndicalist organization did not at any time take part.

The managers of the rayon plants next tried to run their factories with strike-breakers; the strikers picketed. Fighting took place and a number of men were wounded. Business men appealed to Governor Horton for troops, and after one or two attempts to settle the strike by mediation, the troops were sent.

One might hesitate to condemn Governor Horton for sending them. The situation had been represented to him as critical, and it was one of his duties to maintain the peace of the state. But a more important question is whether the troops, after arriving at Elizabethton, actually tried to preserve the peace, or whether they merely helped the managers of the mills in suppressing the strike. On this point, the facts as reported to me by an observer in whose ability and fairness I have implicit confidence, indicate clearly that the troops served as a partisan arm of the management. The superintendent of one of the mills was a German, with the air of a major in the War, and it was to him that the patrolling parties made their reports, rather than to their own officers. A cafeteria at the plant fed the soldiers and gave them free cigars and cigarettes. An officers' club was maintained in the plant itself.

However, there were no riots, assassinations, murders, or bad altercations, and by the middle of May the strike was settled. Dr. Mothwurf offered to take the strikers back, not to discharge the leaders, and not to discriminate against union members because of their membership. The union had not asked for union recognition. Dr. Mothwurf's offer was accepted, and the strikers returned to their jobs a second time.

So much for this particular strike. The chief responsibility probably rests upon the German managers' ignorance of the psychology of their mountain-born Scotch-Irish personnel. Had they handled it with more understanding, the second

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strike would not have occurred. It is also probably true that the general wage scale in the rayon plant was too low. The management argued that, in comparison with the rewards of mountain farming, the rayon plant wages were high. But one should note that, in the first strike, the demand was merely that the workers in one mill should be on a parity with those of the other; and in the second strike, the question of wages did not appear at all.

In one respect, the strikers' case was injured by their own friends: the unionists appealed to the people of Tennessee to support the strikers because the owners of the rayon plants were Germans. Major George L. Berry, the president of the International Pressmen's Union, whose headquarters is at Rogersville, not far from Elizabethton, took the lead in this effort to reanimate the hatreds of the War. Berry otherwise conducted himself prudently and sagaciously; but it was certainly unfortunate that the nationality of the rayon managers should have been made an issue in an economic dispute.

The point to be noted about the strike is not the individual instance of the difficulties at Elizabethton. It is the anxiety that the industrialists of the state showed to have the strike broken. It is hardly likely that Governor Horton and his advisers would have been sufficiently interested in the German mill owners to rush troops to their assistance for their sake alone. The truth seems to be that the Tennessee manufacturers were apprehensive of a labor success at Elizabethton; they looked upon it as an entering wedge for the unionization of the South; and they believed sincerely—whether correctly or not—that even an initial success at union organization would end the manufacturing prosperity that has been spreading through the South in the past few years. There is every reason to believe that the troops went to Elizabethton to quiet this apprehension.

For the manufacturers are convinced that the strides this section has been making in the last two decades in the building of new factories and the prosperity and expansion of old ones are due more to the South's non-unionization than to any other cause. They maintain that the wage-scales of southern plants compare favorably with those in other industrial sections, if one takes the differences in living costs into consideration. And they are convinced that prosperity will vanish from this part of the country if unionization gets a start south of the Mason and Dixon line.

One of the stories told and retold among Tennessee manufacturers is that the northern mills are responsible for the Elizabethton and the North Carolina troubles; that southern competition has been making such inroads on the New Englanders' markets that they are sending union organizers into the South to cripple their new rivals. Those who tell this story offer no evidence to back it up; but it is ardently believed.

Personally, I do not altogether agree with the southern manufacturers. It is hard to see how the South can be benefited by a low wage-scale. No permanent or general prosperity can come to this region if most of its inhabitants do not have enough money, after paying for the necessities of life, to afford some of the comforts. Leaving any question of justice out of consideration, it cannot profit the South, as an economic entity, to attract new factories to employ southern workers without paying properly for their toil. Our present economic organization is kept going by stimulated consumption; which means that the workers must have good wages to spend. Otherwise, the factories will have no orders to fill, and dividends will be slim. But such economic theories have gained little foothold in this region. The industrialists of the South dread the appearance of the unions, and show every intention of making a last-ditch fight against them.

GEORGE FORT MILTON.

The Simple Life—And How!

WE WILL start, in order to save time and nebulous argument, by admitting that we are all sick and tired of this present complicated life, and yearn for a simpler one. The next point that arises is: How can we get it?

How to get there never seems to have worried the social philosophers who have tried to imagine an ideal state. They could tell you what was wrong, and what was ideal; but how you got from one to the other, using means that were already at hand and methods adapted to current conditions, was apparently too prosaic for them to bother with. The Simple Life, to be sure, is not a new idea; but how far have we got towards it?

To arise and preach it now, when every day in every way life is getting speedier, jazzier, and more and more delighted with its own cleverness, seems to be harder than ever. Who wants to go back to the Simple Life when the Dizzy Life is so much more fascinating? The answer is: we must make the Simple Life attractive! If you are one of the Utopians, you will probably answer: "We have done that already. Read our books! We have made the Simple Life so attractive that logically no one could resist it. Yet no one seems to want it." I merely ask: "Did you ever advertise it?"

Advertising! There's the solution. Surely you know that advertising will sell anything? It has launched most of the world's major problems, from poorer teeth—breakfast-food advertising—to traf-

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fic congestion—automobile advertising. Why not harness its enormous force to sell Simplicity? It would do it. And you and I could enjoy a traitor's revenge, in using advertising to bring back what it has been most instrumental in destroying—the Simple Life.

An advertising campaign for Simplicity—assuming that it were handled by experts—would probably put its finger unerringly upon the weakness of previous campaigns, by pointing out that Simplicity has never been made sufficiently attractive. The public has not been made to crave simplicity, as it craves the forthcoming models in its cars. You needn't wait for the public to realize that it needs simplicity. You must be impatient! Modern advertising does not spread its products gently and gradually over the market; it builds up a demand—by mass production, national markets, sales quotas and other familiar methods—before the commodity is launched, so that you and I begin to wonder how the devil we ever got along before without it. This is called "consumer acceptance."

And so with the Simple Life. An advertising campaign to create a desire for the comparative simplicity of, say—not to be too remote—the Gay Nineties, would use these modern methods. It would, undoubtedly, include at least one sample of that inferiority-complex advertising which has already shamed millions into action—the kind that demonstrates the social necessity for playing the saxophone, stopping stammering, wearing bow-ties, taking fifteen minutes a day, and so on.

HIS SWEETHEARTS DAREN'T TELL HIM!

(Cut of sweetheart with averted face)

"I *do* love you, Wilbur. You *know* I do. I revere, worship, and adore you. You are the light of my life, the star of my soul. Without you, my life would be only blank. But . . . "

She did not finish. She could not. Her girlish modesty inhibited her. She dared not tell him the dreadful truth. And next week she married the iceman.

It was the same with all his sweethearts. They never got beyond that "but-and-dots." Blondes, redheads, cuties, highbrows—they always seemed to marry someone else. And yet he had personality, magnetism, poise, "it." He went over big with the men. He was the life of the party, the toast of the town—amongst the men. But somehow he couldn't keep a sweetheart.

The queer thing was that all the girls liked him at first. He had money and good looks. He dressed well, danced well, had a good bootlegger. Girls liked to be seen in his company at banquets, box-socials, etc. They gave him their telephone numbers. But after two or three weeks they gave him "the air" . . . and they wouldn't tell him why.

How *was* he to know that the one thing they wanted him to do was to take them out buggy-riding? That they wanted to get all that was coming to them as normal girls, and to hear the he-man of their choice cry Giddap! and click his tongue to the team!

(Cut of buggy-riding.)

But they could not, being normal girls, invite him to invite them to go buggy-riding. He was supposed to think of it himself.

And so they all married men who *did* think of it themselves. Perhaps that is why you, gentle reader, cannot keep a sweetheart. *No one has ever told you that she wants to be asked out buggy-riding!*

Another conspicuous example of advertising greatly in vogue at the present time is the "whipped cream." Its chief purpose is not to sell utility, or long-wearing qualities, but "style." The consummately successful advertisers say, in fact, that style now sells more goods than quality; and even typewriters and cameras are being sold in colors. So we would have to make Simplicity stylish; and this we would do—still assuming that the Mauve Decade was our goal—somewhat as follows, using a combination of modernistic art, fussy type, and a Rue de la Paix atmosphere:

OO, POM POM!

Enfin, mon cher Alphonse, you shiver! You perish from the *froid!* You find the oh-so-ventilated B. V. D.'s too . . . too . . . *que dirai-je?* . . . too *Américains,* yes?

Mais take *l'exemple* of that so-*galant* Monsieur le Duc de Bouillabaisse, famed *boulevardier* that he is! What wears he, think you, as protection against the cold winds of spring—*les vents froids du printemps*—or *en hiver,* but red flannel underwear, *la flanelle rouge!* Warm, you *dites,* but *démodée?*

Parfois! Listen to M. le Duc himself. Listen to what he tells his *compagnon,* le Comte de Filet-Mignon, who has taxed him similarly. "Raoul, *mon vieux,*" says le Duc, "I do not wear my flannels to suit *la saison,* for I wear them *toujours*—always. I wear them to suit my moods.

"Ah, *la vie,* how many moods! When I am *gai,* I wear *la flanelle framboise*—raspberry. Or *triste,* my soothing cranberry. Do I feel *pensif*—then, Antoine lays me out *la prune. Quand* I am *religieux,* my skin anthems itself with its *sous-vêtements écarlates*—and, *nom d'une pipe,* what better can express my *humeur mondaine* than *cramoisi,* that crimson!"

A booklet would, of course, be part of the scheme, especially if we used, as we probably would, the hard-boiled, two-fisted style of advertising known as "reason why copy." The modern advertising booklet "ties up" with display advertising by offering something that shows the product in use; if you advertise tea, for example, you offer to send a booklet that shows twenty-one ways of arranging an artistic tea-table; or if you advertise coffins, you offer a souvenir copy of the Burial Service. So, at the bottom of these "Simplicity" ads, there will be a coupon which you can send in to get your copy of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" or a set of Rossetti prints for the guest bedroom.

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Frankly, the more I think of this scheme to create a real demand for the Simple Life by advertising it, the greater I think are the possibilities. Simplicity *can* be sold! I can see nation-wide sales contests, whetting the competitive instinct by prizes for those converting the most infidels to the Simple Life. I can see great statistical organizations preparing "market surveys," dividing prospects for the simple life by geographical zones, by the kind of car owned, and by income tax. I can even imagine the Simple Life becoming so popular that once a year, borrowing from the familiar example of other advertisers, there will be a huge national celebration of "Simplicity Week."

CHARLES W. STOKES.

Washington Notes

WITH Congress gone, and the heat too indecently intense to speak of, there is little left for those unfortunates, marooned here in the Capitol by reason of the stern refusal of the Chief Executive to leave while the Senate Finance Committee does its best to make a bad bill worse, to fall back upon except more or less philosophic political reflections on the so-called "situation." Probably its most interesting present phase is the extraordinary personal unpopularity of the efficient Herbert with that always garrulous and very often ridiculous body known as the United States Senate. And when I say the Senate I mean the Senate and not just a part of it. I mean regular Republicans, progressive Republicans, the Farm-Laborites, the Democrats and Senator Couzens. I do believe that there is more dislike for Hoover among more Senators than for any previous President of my recollection, and that goes pretty far back. Compared with Coolidge and Harding, Wilson, Taft, Roosevelt and McKinley, he has fewer senatorial friends, more senatorial enemies. Of course, Coolidge and Harding were of the type that would be popular in the Senate; but even the Presidents who were unpopular there had personal loyalty and friendship from a large element.

If there is any element of the Senate strongly and personally pro-Hoover, it has not yet been revealed. On the contrary, some of his bitterest foes are to be found among those for whom we would suppose his appeal would be strongest. It is not so in the House—there he has a personal popularity and a real following, but in the Senate, outside of the ineffective Mr. Allen of Kansas, the aged Burton, and the unfortunate Fess, whose support is more of a liability than an asset, he has no such thing as a personal following. Other regulars are bound to him almost entirely by party ties and political self-interest, while among both Democrats and insurgents there is displayed an animosity such as was never evinced toward his predecessors. It is a curious condition, not at all explainable by the Hoover personality, which, whatever its flaws, is engagingly warm in comparison to the chill Coolidgean solemnity.

No, I am quite sure that the strong feeling against Mr. Hoover in the Senate is not due to any lack of personal magnetism or attraction upon his part, but is rooted almost entirely in political soil. For one thing, with one or two exceptions, there is practically no one in the Senate capable of much feeling that is not rooted in politics. For another, the reasons for political feeling against Mr. Hoover are many, and strong. For example, the regular Republican grievance against him, the reason so many stories to his disadvantage are spread by strictly party Senators of the Old Guard division, undoubtedly is because of the diluted nature of his Republicanism and the modified character of his party zeal, if any. There is, in my judgment, not a particle of question that the lack of personal harmony between him and the senatorial politicians of his own party is largely due to the complete absence in Hoover of the partisan spirit. It is not only that they find it hard to trust politically a man whose Republicanism is less than ten years old; the thing they cannot forgive is his failure to make Republicanism the primary and basic requisite for appointments. They think it all right to search for the "best available" man, provided the search is made in the Republican party. The Hoover disposition to ignore party lines, as evinced in two of his cabinet selections—Mitchell for Attorney-General and Charles Francis Adams for Secretary of the Navy—as recently shown in his acceptance of various Democratic Tariff Board recommendations which ran contrary to the recommendations of the Republican members of that Board, and as now promised in his Farm Board appointees—these are the things that sear the souls of regular Republican Senators.

So far as the Democrats are concerned, I think it is easy to understand why they feel vastly more bitter toward Hoover than ever they did toward Coolidge or Harding. A considerable number of the more influential Democratic Senators had a personal liking for Harding and a friendly acquaintance derived through service in the Senate with him. For Coolidge there was an amiable sort of contempt for his completely colorless personality, and an amused exasperation over the success of the colossal Coolidge economy bluff. But there was no personal bitterness. It was impossible to work up any real rage against Mr. Coolidge, as I have previously pointed out in this place. It was possible to be annoyed by his smugness, and to be irritated by the extraordinary propaganda which not only concealed his feebleness, but painted it as strength. To become violently or personally antagonistic to him, however, was out of the question. The solemn inactivity and inanity of the man was a complete protection against that. With Hoover it is very different. Hoover was not only the successful candidate in the bitterest campaign anyone now living can recall, but in that campaign he split the heretofore unshakable stronghold of Democracy, the solid South. And incidentally, he crushed for all time the presidential aspirations of the present Democratic leader of the Senate, Joseph F. Robinson of Arkansas, who was the running mate of the redoubtable Al, and who was so sure he was going to win that he almost—in fact I am not sure but that he did—persuaded the guileless and optimistic Raskob that with a little more cash the great state of California could be carried for the Democratic ticket.

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After what Raskob believed about Pennsylvania it ought not to be surprising that he lent an eager ear to the convincing arguments of Senator Robinson, who felt that his speeches on the West Coast had practically set that section aflame. In any event, Senator Robinson came out of the campaign with a hot heart and a very earnest hatred of Herbert Hoover and all his works. So did a considerable number of other Democratic Senators, including the usually fair-minded Mr. Glass of Virginia, whose resentment was deeply stirred by the earnest and unrestrained activity for Hoover in his state of that unfortunate and holy man, Bishop James Cannon, Jr., whose Wall Street adventures, revealed a few weeks ago, have considerably dimmed his spiritual halo and diluted the enthusiasm of no small number of his clerical friends and followers. There is also the fact that Democratic Senators such as Heflin and Simmons, who helped elect Mr. Hoover, regard it as necessary to oppose him now with extra vigor in order to reestablish themselves as Democrats. Altogether, the campaign left the Democratic Senators angry with themselves and angry with Hoover. This state of inflammation has not subsided, and there is among them today a degree of hostility toward the White House such as did not exist in either of the last two administrations.

As for the insurgents, the trouble with them—the fundamental trouble—is, I think, that they feel that Mr. Hoover has deceived them. They feel betrayed, sold out, ravished, ruined. To most people their point of view will seem strange, not to say demented. But there is a certain plausibility about their argument. For instance, one of them pointed out to me the other day that he had enthusiastically supported Mr. Hoover because it seemed to him that for the first time the Republican party had nominated a candidate for President who was not picked by the predatory financial interests so long dominant in national conventions, who was not in sympathy with the reactionary element, and to whom that element was at heart opposed. Morgan, Mellon, Atterbury, Hughes, Root, Hilles, Butler, Smoot, Curtis, Watson, the whole reactionary group, in fact, opposed Hoover before the convention. Most of them supported him reluctantly in the campaign. The progressives felt that he was at heart in tune with themselves, that for the first time they had a candidate with a progressive outlook. Right after his election they woke up. By the time Mr. Hoover was inaugurated they found—at least, this is the way they talk—that he was a spurious progressive, and that the reactionary group that had opposed him was just as influential and just as much in evidence as it was under Coolidge. Mellon was retained as Secretary of the Treasury. Root, Hughes and Taft picked the Attorney-General. The Cabinet was filled with men of great wealth and with machine politicians of the Good type.

The administration is wholly out of sympathy with the progressive point of view. The administration fought the progressive version of the farm-relief bill. The President is too much afraid of the tariff-protected campaign contributors to denounce the House tariff bill, though it is an outrageous defiance of his expressed wish and is in violation of his implied campaign pledge. Thus the progressives in the Senate. They are pretty bitter about Mr. Hoover and are out to make him trouble. So there you are—all three major parties in the Senate are against him. He has no friends—that is, if you except the House of Representatives and the twenty-two million people who voted for him last fall. To the best of my belief these are still with him.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Refined and Lonely People

IT IS NOW a common excuse among people caught reading The Saturday Evening Post that they only took it up to read the advertisements. It is a pretty good excuse, for that leviathan of weeklies carries more and better ads than any other paper in the world, and you can easily spend a rapid if somewhat confusing half-hour in merely looking them over.

But there are other magazines, not nearly so respectable as The Saturday Evening Post, whose advertising columns contain appeals and information as fascinating, in their way, as the grandest two-page spread to be found anywhere. If you are ever caught reading one of these magazines, however, no one will believe that you just took it up to look at the ads. Readers of The New Republic are doubtless unfamiliar with such papers, and their titles do not matter here; suffice it to say that they are very much of a type, and that one glance at the cover of any one of them will show that its purpose is less to instruct than to entertain. None of these magazines is prominently displayed on the newsstands; they must be searched for, but they can be found. It is doubtful whether many of them reach even their place of sale by benefit of the Post Office.

Who reads these magazines? Well, a good indication of what a paper's readers are like may generally be found in the kind of advertisements it contains. The advertisements to be found in these papers are limited in their appeal to a special public. From a first glance, you might suppose that this special public consisted exclusively of bootleggers, gunmen, card-sharps, peeping Toms, pimps and suckers. But a first glance will not do the subject justice. As we look more carefully, we note some old favorites, though they are cast in a somewhat blunter language than is their dress in more effete journals.

SHE REDUCED
What a relief!

or

TO FAT FOLKS
Who Take a Bath

Things may be spoken of in this world that are hardly mentioned in polite society:

> TAPEWORM expelled alive in 60 minutes with head, or no fee.

Side by side with ads of liquor- and drug-habit cures, and such life-of-the-party novelties as stink bombs, sneeze-powder, explosive cigarettes, ventriloquy instruments; revolvers, books on hypnotism and the black art; under-

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ground treasures, how and where to find them; how to become a detective (Make secret investigations. Earn big money. Work home or travel); oil stock, and how to cure fits—side by side with such straightforward inducements are others, more ambiguously worded.

BIRTH CONTROL. DON'T MARRY
until you listen to a word of advice.

Every known mechanical device for birth control is advertised, in fairly plain language, in these pages, as well as aphrodisiacs, prophylactics, and remedies for sterility.

YOU MEN PAST 40 TRY THIS
All in? Lack vigor? Have you lost your Courage and Grow Tired too soon?

Some of these ads are so cautiously worded, in fact, that, taken by themselves, they would be meaningless. But their context invariably supplies the key.

Sufferers—Any Sickness. Our helpful advice is free. Write for it.

Kodak films Developed and Printed. Confidential Work.

The address of this last advertiser is curiously similar to the address of a company which elsewhere advertises "snappy photos" for sale. Perhaps they are not always as confidential as they might be.

Fear, one of the most effective selling points in the advertising game, is as much in evidence in these pages as in any magazine of "the quality group." But often the copy-writer's language attempts to be more winning, to conquer by more persuasive methods.

The WOMEN who fascinate MEN
The siren type—the woman who fascinates men *at will.* One woman in a hundred possesses this dangerous power. She is envied, hated, feared—by other women. And she has always been a mystery. You study her—and are amazed, bewildered. For you can *truthfully* say "I don't understand what men see in her." But you *want* to know the secret—with all your heart. You want the "dangerous power." It is not that you desire to be the siren type. If you *could* fascinate men at will, you would use your power *within reason.* Well then, *you may;* for at last the secret is known.

Some of these advertised products are in the nature of a sop to readers who have been deprived, by the censor's activities, or by their own lack of education, of more classic fodder.

RARE BOOKS—TEMPTATIONS of the Stage, 30c; Confessions of a Young Girl, 30c; The Unwanted Child, 30c; Queen of the White Slaves, 50c; All for $1.00.

X-RAY Kathoscope. Pocket Detector. Everybody wants it. See your best girl and all she's doing. No one knows; you see everything. Periscope operates in all climates; lasts lifetime.

Many of these magazines, so-called "art" journals, are made up almost entirely of photographs of naked women—most of them, it appears, professional models; but perhaps not all.

NOTICE TO FLAPPERS
Snappy pictures Wanted. If you have a camera of your own and want to make some easy money write at once for particulars, enclosing your photo.

But perhaps the largest percentage of these advertisements are directed to a class which is described as "refined and lonely."

LONELY HEARTS
Let us arrange a romantic correspondence for you. Meet your sweetheart thru the foremost high-class social correspondence club in the world, a club for refined, lonely people. Members everywhere; strictly CONFIDENTIAL, efficient and dignified service. We have made thousands of lonely people happy, why not you? Particulars FREE. Write today if sincere.

As in the ad quoted above, the language employed in these matrimonial lures is apt to be on the florid side; but occasionally the blunt message comes through stripped of trimming, like a categorical imperative.

MARRY. Big directory with descriptions and photos mailed in plain wrapper for ten cents.

Are you afraid that, once having seen your photograph, no anxious bride will care to view you in the flesh? Have no fear:

Wife Guaranteed Every Man joining my club. Photos. Addresses free.

Occasionally, as it will, in even the most sacred precincts, a note of flippancy creeps in.

Correspond, Marriage—Pastime. Blank Agency.

Most of this business is carried on by companies, obviously philanthropic, but frequently you hear a single voice, in refined loneliness, calling for its mate.

California Maid—Owns Beautiful Home and income desires correspondence with suitable gentleman.

The cumulative effect of reading dozens of pages of such advertisements is depressing. Inevitably you get the impression of undercurrents of furtiveness in American life, to an extent which surprises even theoretical cynicism. Who, actually, are the refined and lonely people who read such magazines, whose eyes, presumably, will be caught by these badly printed, small-type ads? Some of them, of course, are perverts, or dope-fiends, or abnormal in other ways; but it is only too probable that the largest class of reader is the adolescent boy. He is not allowed, thanks to the social plan by which we live, to find out about sex in a decent way; his parents are ignorant, or timid, or both; it is against the law to buy knowledge of sex, so he

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buys pornography. Pornography itself is not so bad, but it is apt to be misleading.

It would be a mistake to suppose that these magazines, dedicated to "sport," "art," "humor," or "gaiety," are an insignificant phenomenon in our social scheme. Their circulation is extremely wide, and their continued and thriving existence bears witness to the continued and thriving curiosity about sexual matters which marks at least a certain proportion of our adolescent population. You may deprecate such curiosity, you may deny it satisfaction by legislating against it, but the net result of all attempts to suppress it will doubtless be as it has always been, to whet it. Christianity, as has often been pointed out by now, added a new zest to life when it made sex sinful; has civilization come to such a point that it cannot get along without such condiments? Perhaps it has. For a civilization without some form of censorship, official or unofficial, is inconceivable. Perhaps, even if we had no John S. Sumners, the smut magazines would flourish even more luxuriantly than they do now. But I cannot help feeling that they would be better reading, and that they would be read by even more refined and much less lonely people.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Catholics and Birth Control

SIR: Mr. W. H. Coulton, whose letter appeared in your issue of June 19, must have read my article on birth control rather hurriedly. Otherwise he could hardly have concluded that Catholics have no appreciation of the spiritual side of sex.

The Catholic Church has always opposed doctrines which tend to degrade the human body from its exalted state as the temple of the soul. She declared to be heresies the teaching of the Manicheans, the Cathari, and the Albigenses, which made the marriage act unclean and sinful.

On the contrary, in the Catholic Church marriage is a sacrament, raised to that dignity by Christ Himself. So important is the sexual act in marriage that, according to Catholic teaching, a lawful marriage is only consummated when intercourse has taken place.

Mr. Coulton's unwarranted assumption, then, that the Catholic Church looks on sexual intercourse within the marriage bond as "something essentially dirty, vulgar, and materialistic" is without a vestige of truth. The authors of such statements seem never to take the trouble to acquaint themselves with Catholic teaching on this subject.

PATRICK J. WARD.

Washington, D. C.

SIR: It is a pity that Mr. Patrick J. Ward, in his letter in The New Republic of June 12, did not quote further from Dr. Auguste Forel.

In his thoughtful and rational book, "The Sexual Question," from which Mr. Ward quotes, Dr. Forel recommends continence only before marriage, in preference to irregular or possibly venal sexual connections. He recommends early marriage, and explicitly advises the practice of birth control by means of contraceptives, in the European editions of his work, giving a diagram showing their use. After a young couple have completed their studies and established their economic position, they can gratify their desire for children.

Mr. Ward seems rather disingenuous in lifting a paragraph, without its context, from a work as a whole quite opposed to his ideas.

New York City. E. G. VAN NESS.

Mr. Sumner on Obscenity

SIR: Everywhere today we see evidence of the child mind in literature.

In the old days when we regularly attended Sunday School and learned of the basic formulæ of a religious and moral life through the efforts of a teacher and the printed, selected Bible lessons, suitable for the youthful mind, there was always, among the pupils, a Messy Max.

This precious urchin had read some atheistic diatribes and took special delight in informing his youthful companions that in the Bible itself might be found some of those generally unused words which morons were accustomed to use for the decoration of outhouse walls and other semi-private places.

This generally led to an argument and, for settlement, the gathering of three or four over a copy of the Old Testament, where, after much painful research by Messy Max, he eventually and triumphantly found and pointed out the disputed words.

Most of those who were thus enlightened soon had something more important to fill their young minds. Anyway, they knew that these words were not used among their own people or among those whose example they cared to follow.

Not so with Messy Max. His peculiar type of mind was only whetted to further research along the same lines. As the years went on he accumulated a mental storehouse of all the outgrown words and expressions and literary incidents of life which progress in culture and refinement had long since consigned to the verbal garbage can. His childish curiosity was never satisfied as is that of the normal child. He took delight in indecently marking advertising posters displayed in public places.

At school and college he was known as the boy who composed obscene doggerel, which he offered for publication to the student periodical. He corresponded with the illicit advertisers of pictures "for men only" and carried a collection of such photographs in his pocket. Such was the early trend of mind of Messy Max.

He was a constant reader—always looking for something indecent, and by and by it dawned upon his lop-sided, immature mind that he too might write something. Not that he had any particular ability nor anything of value to express, but neither had many others who had somehow managed to have their work published.

And so he wrote. He found it very difficult. He had no originality. It was apparent even to him that his story was trite and would attract no attention—no readers. Then it occurred to him how he himself had been attracted to certain writings because of the indecencies found in them. He pondered as to the number of like-minded persons who might exist. He made inquiries as to what publishers would publish books containing obscenities. He found that there were several.

So the trite story was reverted to. At intervals he inserted therein, from his mental collection of filth, words, phrases, incidents and descriptions, consisting of obscenity, blasphemy and lewdness. He thought it was great. So did the publisher whom he had selected. But the publisher was wise. He knew the law. He edited the unconventional features to a point where he believed that the publication would get by without a criminal prosecution.

And so Messy Max became an author. Every other Messy Max acclaimed him as a true exponent of realism because the only sort of realism they understood was the realism of the gutter. Word got around that the book was a knock-out, that it called a spade a spade. The Messy Max columnists of the daily press added their encomiums. They advised their moron readers not to miss this epochal contribution to literature.

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Messy Max had arrived. He basked in the lime-light—for sixty days. By that time every Messy Max had read the book—thirty thousand of them. By that time there were no more sales, no more advertising. The thing was forgotten. Almost without exception the other one hundred and twenty millions had ignored it.

Almost—unfortunately a few who did not already have the mind of a Messy Max read the book. For the first time they were introduced to printed filth. Passions were artificially aroused, standards of decency were weakened, incentives to further reading of the same nature were implanted. The tribe of Messy Max was thereby increased. More childish interest in the subnormal was created.

One of these foolish converts wrote a book. His publisher was not very careful. Both were prosecuted and convicted and sentenced to six months in the Workhouse.

Of course, it was damnable. The constitutional right of freedom of expression was at stake. But the sentence was served. The country survived and the tribe of Messy Max decided to lay low for a while.

JOHN S. SUMNER,
Secretary, the New York Society
for the Suppression of Vice.

New York City.

A Mirror for Censors

SIR: The antics of Messrs. Watch and Ward, Sumner, Fischer, *et al.*, are extremely diverting, albeit causing more or less inconvenience to some of the more serious-minded. The case of the "Golden Ass" and Petronius Arbiter is, probably, the champion amuser (as reported by Thorne, The New Republic, vol. LIX, p. 76). As for Mr. Newton's "Rabelais," doubtless this will be returned to him as soon as the customs inspectors have perused the page penned by the immortal Francis for them in especial, and their ilk. The communication appears at the very end of the second book of the 1653 edition, of which the following is a translation:

> If you say to me, Master, it would seem that you were not very wise in writing to us these flimflam stories and pleasant fooleries; I answer you, that you are not much wiser to spend your time reading them. Nevertheless, if you read them to make yourselves merry, as in manner of pastime I wrote them, you and I both are far more worthy of pardon than a great rabble of squint-minded fellows, dissembling and counterfeit saints, demure lookers, hypocrites, pretended zealots, tough friars, buskin-monks, and such other sects of men, who disguise themselves like masquers to deceive the world. For whilst they give the common people to understand that they are busied about nothing but contemplation and devotion in fasting and maceration of their sensuality—and that only to sustain and aliment the small frailty of their humanity—it is so far otherwise, that, on the contrary, God knows what cheer they make; *et Curios simulant sed Bacchanalia vivunt.* [. . . . Deleted in deference to the tender morals of the censors.] Fly from these men, abhor and hate them as much as I do, and upon my faith you will find yourselves the better for it. And if you desire to be good Pantagruelists, that is to say, to live in peace, joy, health, making yourselves always merry, never trust those men that always peep out at one hole.

South Haven, Mich. WATSON NICHOLSON.

Prohibition and Censorship

SIR: Prohibition and the censorship go well together as two of the most depressing forms of present-day obscurantism, the one very old and the other comparatively new. Both are, of course, products of the same puritanical spirit, and could not survive except in a country which is mentally immature. The discouraging thing about the situation is that, in so far as the one removes temptation (the only argument on which the drys seem to rely very much any more, at least in the cities), and the other restrains the expression of thought and the use of natural language, they tend to promote and perpetuate immaturity. They foster a type of person that likes to be spared the trouble of thinking and willing—that likes, in other words, to be treated as a child all his life. And we have the pathetic spectacle of millions of grown-up people who believe that *any* so-called moral reform is "right" and must be given allegiance, regardless of its practicability or consequences; who are oblivious of the innumerable well meaning inventions of warped brains which have been adopted, tried and come to nothing or worse; who placidly swallow the buncombe that puts prohibition on the same level with the agitation against slavery, without stopping to think that the abolitionists were waging a battle for individual autonomy and freedom from oppression, the only sort of battle that deserves success, and the same sort of battle that we are waging against prohibition.

It seems to me that the time for action has come. We have had quite enough of the sickening business of enforcing a pair of laws made by some asinine legislators from the backwoods. The drys are worried and on the defensive. Some such ideas as the one developed in Wisconsin (though personally I can see very little prospect of its realization) should be taken up at once by all the more civilized states, which have always at heart been opposed to prohibition and must be overwhelmingly so, now. But, more important from a practical viewpoint, they can also proudly stand up with Wisconsin, Maryland and New York in repealing their enforcement acts, which is already generally recognized as their constitutional privilege. And then, with the proper leadership, we ought to be well on the way to ridding ourselves of these twin blights.

Washington, D. C. ALLEN D. GARMAN.

Repatriating French Prisoners

SIR: Some months ago you kindly published a letter signed by us describing the plight of French conscientious objectors in exile in the penal colony of French Guiana on the South American coast, and asking for aid in helping those who have served their sentences to return to their native land.

It is a pleasure to report that to date the gratifying sum of $1,242.73 has been subscribed solely in response to our letter published in several sympathetic journals. Pierre de Thèze, the first exile to whom money was sent, has received the $125 passage money forwarded to him, and writes that he is returning to France on the June boat.

As soon as our representatives in Europe are able to consult with him, he will work out a plan to effect the prompt return of the other war objectors in French Guiana.

ROGER BALDWIN,
PAUL JONES,
New York City. JOHN NEVIN SAYRE.

Does the Press Make Celebrities?

SIR: Mr. Denny's contention in his article "Lindy and Anne Wed," in your issue of June 26, that newspaper men to a large extent "made" Lindbergh is overweening conceit. All that they and their employers did was to take advantage of the man and his accomplishments as a means of boosting their papers' circulations. The fact that this gave widespread publicity to Lindbergh is incidental. Your contributor seems unable to conceive of a mentality unswayed by adulation and riches, and no doubt the press generally was piqued by Lindbergh's efforts to evade the pesterings of editor-whipped, foolishly ambitious, or grossly aggressive reporters.

It is decidedly wrong, and even dangerous, for the press to take pride in the notion that it can "make" (or "break") anyone. It is also a dishonest attitude to assume. That it possibly can do so is beside the point. Physically, most of us are capable of killing another, but we do not desire to so misuse our strength, and thoughts in this direction are usually mere bravado.

It surely must have dawned upon the thought of newspaper men that Lindbergh had and has no desire for adulation and riches as the criterion of success. Though by virtue of his achievements, for which the press and public are more indebted to him than he is to them for publicity and popularity, he has acquired "publicity value," he is a type of individual who is fully capable of making and supporting whatever social or other position he aspires to by sheer intelligence and application. . . .

Syracuse, N. Y. WILFRED KERMODE.

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An Antidote to Despair

A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippmann. New York: The Macmillan Company. 348 pages. $3.

I RECOMMEND this book as an antidote to T. S. Eliot's "For Lancelot Andrews," and to the writings of other critics who tend to despair of modern civilization. "It is doubtful," wrote Mr. Eliot, "whether civilization can endure without religion, and religion without a church." What Walter Lippmann is engaged in demonstrating in the first part of this book is that the churches have become impossible. He would agree with T. S. Eliot as to the complete unsatisfactoriness of modern liberal, and diluted, versions of Christianity—see, for example, his criticism of Dr. Fosdick. "It is a nice question whether the use of God's name is not misleading when it is applied by modernists to ideas so remote from the God men have worshipped."

But Mr. Lippmann does not advocate, like Eliot and the other writers who share his point of view, a return to the orthodox Church: he would let all the traditional religions go by the board. Men today, he says, "are compelled to choose consciously, clearly, and with full realization of what the choice implies, between religion as a system of cosmic government and religion as insight into a cleansed and matured personality: between God conceived as the master of that fate, creator, providence, and king, and God conceived as the highest good at which they might aim. For God is the supreme symbol in which man expresses his destiny, and if that symbol is confused, his life is confused." This last quotation is from the end of Lippmann's book, and the earlier one from near the beginning; and if it is true, in connection with Whitehead and William James, the writers with whom he was there dealing, that "the use of God's name" is "misleading when it is applied to ideas so remote from the God men have worshipped," then it is equally true in the case of Mr. Lippmann's description of God "as the highest good at which men may aim." But Mr. Lippmann would, I believe, be quite willing to have us draw this inference, and to deal with the confusion of which he speaks, not by clearing up the symbol of God, but by discarding it altogether—or rather, to allow us, after stimulating us to clear it up, to discover that, when we have done so, it has disappeared. No one else that I have read has performed this task of discrediting traditional religion at once so tactfully and so uncompromisingly as Lippmann. He was just the man for it; and his rare combination of moderation and candor have nowhere appeared to better advantage.

His point of view in regard to religion does not, however, surprise us. His point of view about politics does. In a society like the United States today, government, he says, has lost its old authority in much the same way that religion has.

> In very considerable measure political theory in the modern world is sterilized by its own ideas. There have been passed down from generation to generation a collection of concepts which are so hallowed and so dense that their only use is to excite emotions and to obscure insight. How many of us really know what we are talking about when we use words like the state, sovereignty, independence, democracy, representative government, national honor, liberty and loyalty? Very few of us, I think, could define any of these terms under cross-examination, though we are prepared to shed blood, or at least ink, in their behalf. These terms have ceased to be intellectual instruments for apprehending the facts we have to deal with and have become push buttons which touch off emotional reflexes.
>
> Modern society is not a social order at all as the Greek city state or the feudal society was a social order. It is rather a field for careers, an arena of talents, an ordeal by trial and error, and a risky speculation. No man has an established position in the modern world. There is no system of rights and duties to which he is clearly subject. He moves among these complexities which are shrouded in obscurity, making the best he can out of what little it is possible for him to know.

What, then, is he to do in this obscurity, embroiled among these perplexities? Church and State have been taken from him, and he may not hope that they will ever be restored. He may not even hope for a revolutionary dictatorship, communist or fascist, which will tell him what to think and how to act—because America, unlike feudal Russia and only half-industrialized Italy, has passed so far along the road of industrial organization that it is impossible for them to relapse into the acceptance of a feudal hierarchy. How is he to find out now what is right and wrong, what is good and bad? The answer is: through his own intelligence, assisted by modern psychology. We know now that much of what we have thought of as evil is the result merely of some failure on our part thoroughly to mature. We carry infantile habits or desires over into our adult life, and still expect the world to pamper and obey us, as it did when we were children—that is, we fail to understand reality. The aim, the new salvation, of the modern man should be complete maturity—that is, complete self-understanding and intelligent adaptation to the world in which he finds himself.

Lippmann does not pretend that this will be easy, nor that the era of this religionless society is in anything other than its infancy.

> The modern moralist cannot expect soon to construct a systematic and harmonious moral edifice like that which St. Thomas Aquinas and Dante constructed to house the aspirations of the medieval world. He is in a much earlier phase in the evolution of his world, in the phase of inquiry and prophecy rather than of ordering and harmonizing, and he is under the necessity of remaining close to the elements of experience in order to apprehend them freshly.

But if he does remain close to these elements of experience, he is able to observe that, without propaganda or leaders, gradually, steadily and anonymously, the mass of men are working out sensible and even enlightened solutions to their own most formidable problems. He is able to observe, for example, that business has already passed far beyond the competitive stage of what Lippmann calls "naïve capitalism," a stage in which both the old-fashioned business man and the old-fashioned radical talk as if the imagined it to be—and that it has reached a point of organization and complexity where it has become all but completely depersonalized, and hence already more of a public than a private enterprise, and where it may eventually be expected to socialize itself automatically.

It is Mr. Lippmann's contention that human society is thus beginning to realize as a whole the morality which such religious teachers as Buddha, Confucius and Christ arrived at only in solitude and taught only esoterically. Mr. Lippmann's ideas in this connection seem to have something in common with the conviction which dominates Mr. John Jay Chapman's later writings: that Christianity, having reached the final stage of Protestantism, has not simply become diluted and ineffective, but that it is present

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everywhere, perhaps stronger, in countless movements and personal careers to which it supplies their directing impulse. I should agree that society, left to itself, despite its present bewilderments, may probably be counted upon to evolve a sound morality; but Lippmann's way of approaching this subject seems to me the weakest feature of his book. For he speaks of "the insight of high religion" as "a discovery in the field of human experience comparable with those prophetic conceptions in the natural sciences which, after being looked upon for long periods as a curiosity, are at last, because circumstances are ripe, seen to be the clue to otherwise insoluble perplexities"—and goes on to cite the precursors of Darwin and the anticipations by the Greeks of modern physical theory. But a Buddhist or a Christian might well object to this patronizing of Buddha and Christ, pointing out that the analogy was preposterous. Neither Buddha nor Christ has had to wait for the enlightened moralists of our own time to discover the "relevance" of their teaching: Christ and Buddha have been influencing profoundly many millions of lives for many hundreds of years. Lippmann asserts that the prophet's followers have never understood his deepest teachings, but have merely been hypnotized by his legend, while only the élite really shared his wisdom. But the Christian would reply that things were never so simple as that, and that what for Lippmann are merely legends creating an illusion of authority are themselves the symbols of the truth and have carried precisely that deepest and most difficult wisdom into the souls of the generations of believers. It may be that I have misunderstood Lippmann, and that what he really means is that society is headed for some thorough-going form of socialism or communism; but if he means this, I think he should say so explicitly.

These considerations do not, in any case, damage Lippmann's principal arguments. What is more serious is that, in spite of his sincerity, in spite of the fact that his mind is fundamentally realistic, the events and personalities with which he deals reach us with a certain unreality, which, in consequence, affects his ideas about them. I mean that, even where we recognize and approve, we do not feel that we have been brought into close contact with the things he is writing about. And when we finally reach the moralist's peroration—his ideal portrait of the mature modern man—we are not so ardently responsive as we should like to be, because the point of view which Lippmann commends seems to exclude intense feelings of any kind, and even to err a little on the side of complacency. "Since nothing gnawed at his vitals, neither doubt, nor ambition, nor frustration, nor fear, he would move easily through life. And so whether he saw the thing as comedy, or high tragedy, or plain farce, he would affirm that it is what it is, and that the wise man can enjoy it." Why should he enjoy it if it is a tragedy?

Yet to complain even of this seems ungrateful. "A Preface to Morals" is, I suppose, far and away Walter Lippmann's best book. In style, it is a long way from the sometimes tiresome Chestertonisms of his early political books; and in thought, it shows a new competence, a new inspiration even, in fields where he has never before ventured. It is beautifully organized, beautifully clear; and it is both outspoken and persuasive in bringing news which has been uneasily awaited. For Lippman has not merely, as other writers have done, shown us the picture of our own confusion, with our ancient sanctions and authorities gone and obliged to stand on our own human feet: he gives us the assurance that we shall be able to do so, that we have begun to do so already. EDMUND WILSON.

Life in the Old South

Life and Labor in the Old South, by Ulrich Bonnell Phillips. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 375 pages. $4.

THIS vastly interesting and immensely valuable work was selected by a jury composed of James Truslow Adams, Worthington C. Ford and Allan Nevins, for the award of twenty-five hundred dollars offered last year by Little, Brown and Company for the best unpublished book on American history. The publishers are to be congratulated for having appointed a jury so discriminating. Professor Phillips' volume is one of the most distinguished additions to the new history, and in its particular field it is without an equal. The author's gift for orderly presentation has enabled him to bring together, in a volume of only medium size, nearly all the important minutiæ ever collected about life in the Old South, and to add innumerable discoveries of his own. He has read and sifted a mountain of old letters, plantation diaries, newspapers, travel books; much of this has not been looked at before; and out of a practically virgin soil there emerges at the end a fascinating plant—life in the Old South as it was commonly, if unheroically, lived by the thousands who made up a seething and colorful age.

There is no plea here for any special conception of the Old South. Professor Phillips is an exponent of the school of Dodd, Wertenbaker, Owsley, Fish, Adams, Nevins; with these men history is both more and less than the recital of politics and military campaigns. It is more because it becomes, in their hands, richer in common fact; less, because the people are seldom so grand as their political and moral rationalizations make them out to be. History becomes highly complex: climate, soil, terrain are powerful actors in the new drama; and we have the minute Buckle against the grandiose Plutarch.

Professor Phillips opens with this sentence: "Let us begin by discussing the weather, for that has been the chief agency in making the South distinctive." The climate described, he goes on to a comparison of the various southern soils and what they will produce. Then comes the terrain—the main feature of which is a vast mountain range that long kept the seacoast populated and the Mississippi valley wild; at last cotton got started in the rich valley; the dyke of the Blue Ridge burst; the settlers poured in by thousands; grew rich; and the Cotton Kingdom rose.

These broad features of Professor Phillips' picture are well known; his achievement is the breaking down of the uniform patterns in which people still think of the Old South. Not all planters were alike. One sat on his stately gallery in shirt sleeves, in the midst of wash basins and saddles, playing with Negro children; another kept punctilious order, and died with the words: "I could never forget that I was born a gentleman." Professor Phillips gives us no types—whether of planters, poor-whites, Negroes, or houses. The poor-whites differed from their betters in no respect but misfortune or in the consequences of a lack of enterprise. Slaves were treated neither like pet-lambs nor like beasts; their condition was not different from that of other laboring classes except that it bore the stigma of a word hateful to the nineteenth century and that they were certain of care, often affectionate, to their graves. The overseer, usually the illiterate buffoon he is imagined to be, was sometimes, in the Lower South, a wandering Virginia gentleman whose gentility was not equal to the cot-

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ton scramble; he got hard-up and had to serve the new-rich "cotton snob." Altogether Professor Phillips shows us, without trying, the astonishing, interwoven homogeneity of southern society, in which all interests were bound up into a whole—an answer to the economists who have wondered why the poor whites followed Lee as faithfully as the rich, when they had no interest in the "rich man's war and the poor man's fight."

There is, perhaps, in this impersonal reconstruction of an era, a slight taint of the Plutarchian sense of history; if there is, it is not wholly to be regretted. Professor Phillips seems to say—he never actually says it—that the planter's responsibility and self-discipline made him a better man than, for example, the business pirate of today. There is no way to avoid the suspicion that the author, after seeing the Old South as a whole more minutely than any previous writer has done, finds it to have been a highly sympathetic society. This undoubtedly should be the view of any historian looking at his own background: the best should be made of it. The issue between Plutarch and Buckle will never be easily solved. Too much contemporary history writing, pretending to be science, merely ends by attesting to broken traditions. The modern picture is photographically truer than the older history ever tried to be. But the dogma is not refuted that the past should be magnified in order to keep the present in its place.

This distinguished volume is the first of three that Professor Phillips is projecting as a history of the South. Such a history is greatly needed, and there is no historian better fitted than Professor Phillips for the task.

ALLEN TATE.

English Comedy

English Comedy, by Ashley H. Thorndike. New York: The Macmillan Company. 635 pages. $4.50.

IN this excellent and erudite book, Professor Ashley Thorndike, of Columbia University, gives the student of drama an immense amount of historical information, critically considered and written in a clear and precise prose which is very pleasant to read. Dramatists, in my experience, rarely read books of this kind, for the sufficient reason that the majority of them are full of unilluminating pedantry and written in a style that effectually forbids the reader to be interested in them. Professor Thorndike, however, does not use his learning for the bewilderment of his readers, but entertains them with his writing and compels them to pay attention to dead authors when they may be disinclined to attend even to live ones.

He surveys the whole field of English comic authorship, glancing first at its classical and medieval influences, from the time of the Moralities until the beginning of the twentieth century. "I shall stop at the close of the nineteenth century because I do not think we have sufficient perspective to form anything like an adequate judgment on the multiform and interesting varieties of drama produced during the last twenty-five years mainly by men who are still living and writing." He discovers two tendencies in English comedy: "the one towards satire and realism, the other towards sentiment and fantasy." Sometimes an author who may be regarded as a distinct member of one class will reveal a strain that seems to lead him towards the other. "Shaw certainly does not lack whimsy, nor does Barrie lack satire"; but, generally speaking, one may say that Ben Jonson, Congreve, W. S. Gilbert and Bernard Shaw belong to the satirical and realistic group, that Fletcher, Farquhar, Dekker, Steele and Barrie belong to the sentimental and fantastic group, and that Murphy and Sheridan have, so to speak, a foot in each camp. "Nearly every English comedy tells the story of a courtship ending happily. The madcap girl sobers down, the scapegrace youth is tamed, the errant husband or wife returns, the sweet young innocents assume the responsibilities of the married state. . . . Whether the passion be lawful or illicit, whether beautified by exalted sentiments or framed in vulgarities, the story is always of the love chase. The man is pursuing the woman or the woman is pursuing the man, and the interest in life is supposed to be exhausted by the capture, or the escape." Whether authors will ever be allowed to make a complete break with this tradition is a hard thing to say. Myself, I doubt it. Most of us have the greatest difficulty in maintaining interest in abstractions, as we discover when we have the misfortune to attend performances of Expressionist plays, and a drama in which the pursuit of one human being by another is ignored soon ceases to be any more than an abstraction. But authors may justly pray to be allowed by their audiences to discover the comedy, if there be any, in other aspects of life than that of the amorous and marital.

Among the more valuable passages of his book is Professor Thorndike's account of the deplorable effect which the Cromwellian and Puritanical prohibition of plays had upon the natural evolution of the drama. "The theaters were closed in 1642; and, although there were occasional performances, especially in the last years of the Commonwealth, they were not reopened until the Restoration of Charles II in 1660. There had been no other break in the English drama so prolonged and so complete since the first playhouse was built in 1576, or, indeed, since the first performance of miracle plays on Corpus Christi day." When the theater was free again, it had to go back to 1642 for its principles, when, had there been no interruption, it would have started with something more characteristic of the period of its revival. Eighteen years may seem to be a brief period in the history of an institution, but it is long enough to alter the character of a people, and we have seen in our own time what a difference in the habits and thought of nations was made by the break of four years which separated the pre-war world from the post-war world. The ill effect of the prohibition of plays in 1642 followed closely on another ill effect caused by the change in the structure of the theater itself. Indoor theaters took the place of "the great open-air public playhouses," with the result that "the drama depended more and more for its support on that portion of the population connected with the world of court and fashion. Poets sought patrons and scoffed at the populace, and actors sought the applause of the gallants and ladies occupying the benches and boxes of Whitefriars and Blackfriars, rather than of the standing crowds in the pits of the Red Bull and the Fortune. Puritanism was steadily growing in London. The number of theaters and of theater-goers was not increasing and the drama had ceased to be the *vox populi,* but the drama allied itself to the court. Theatrical taste was becoming more sophisticated, more fashionable and not more moral." Gradually the middle classes withdrew from the playhouses until in 1642 they suppressed them, nor did any particular glory invest the theaters until the middle classes returned to them again. In our own time, in London and in New York, because of the high cost of admission to the theater and the great discomfort incurred in visiting it, the middle classes have again withdrawn from the playhouses, and the lamentable

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results of that withdrawal are plainly apparent. A theater which is the pastime of the flippant and the intellectually bankrupt and the idle and the empty is bound to be barren. Professor Thorndike's book ought to be in every library. ST. JOHN ERVINE.

Black Aladdin

Race Attitudes in Children, by Bruno Lasker. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 394 pages. $4.

I KNEW a couple once, man and wife. They were nice people, gentle and civilized, and open-minded, within their lights. Prejudices were foreign and distasteful to them, except one: the prejudice against the Negro. Even here their open-mindedness was apparent: they cheerfully admitted that the anthropologists' and other such arguments in favor of the Negro were, no doubt, correct; but—and this was the inevitable and unanswerable refrain—"We were born in the South."

Social students, lecturers and lay observers of the public mind have noted long ago that ignorance is but a minor cause of prejudice. Better knowledge would no doubt have a salutary effect on racial, religious, economic, social snobbishness. But no amount of knowledge, in itself, could transform a prejudiced community into an open-minded one. The roots of prejudice lie in early acquired attitudes buttressed by powerful emotions. He who would abate prejudice, therefore, must turn to the early years, to childhood. What will he find there? Prejudice? No, childhood, unpolluted by adult "culture," is free from it—children learn prejudices from us. The problem of the educator, then, is to discover in what ways and situations children are being thus infected and to provide mechanisms by means of which the poison could be avoided or counteracted.

Such, precisely, is the aim of Bruno Lasker's "Race Attitudes in Children." The author shows at length what kind of race attitudes children have, how they acquire them, what they learn in this connection from parents, the school, the street, and, finally, "how may race attitudes be modified?"

How, it may be asked, did Mr. Lasker get this knowledge? The method used was a questionnaire supported by correspondence. The persons contributing information were parents, teachers, principals of schools, ministers, etc. Mr. Lasker is fully aware of the pitfalls inherent in this method. He knows that subjectivity, errors and especially vagueness can scarcely ever be wholly avoided and in practically all cases are present at least to some extent. He also knows that these weaknesses can be relieved by common sense and a critical attitude. These the author possesses to an unusual degree. He is well aware of the fact that qualitative phenomena cannot be measured, but only sensed and estimated, and his critical remarks upon the mathematical vagaries of psychological testers are positively soul-searing.

Take, for example, the incident related in connection with a paragraph in Monroe's Silent Reading Test. It runs as follows: "Aladdin was the son of a poor tailor. He lived in Peking, the capital city of China. He was always idle and lazy and liked to play better than to work. What kind of a boy do you think he was? Indian—Negro—Chinese—French—Dutch?" This was given to the children, who were expected to underscore the proper word. Now, in a surprisingly large number of instances the answer given was "Negro." And in many instances the children who underscored "Negro" were able to find their way through much more difficult tests. It later transpired, from inquiries and written communications from the children, that "Negro" was chosen because "he [Aladdin] was lazy," "because Negroes do not like to work," "because most Negroes are lazy," etc. Now, there is nothing perverse nor unanswerable in an instance such as this; nevertheless the insight gained is valuable and obviously points to a fact of wide generality.

Very properly Mr. Lasker regards the numerous specific "cases" cited in the volume as illustrations of certain widely prevalent social tendencies, without assuming the transparent pose of deducing his conclusions inductively from the accumulated material. He is, I feel certain, on the right path, and it is to be hoped that the other volumes to be published under the auspices of The Inquiry will prove as illuminating and as wise.

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER.

A Gangster

Little Caesar, by W. R. Burnett. New York: The Dial Press. $2.

THIS is the golden age of racketeering; Al Capone is our Pericles, Chicago our Athens. You can scarcely pick up a copy of even the most conservative newspaper without finding the account of some unknown Italian shot dead on the sidewalk from a passing automobile; bootleggers are continually shooting at each other or at anyone else who happens to be around; banks are perpetually being robbed by bespatted gentlemen who drive off in Rolls-Royces and Hispano-Suizas. Only the most old-fashioned and unmathematical bank managers become alarmed on such occasions; the modern executive offers no resistance; the bank is insured, and even the insurance people need not become particularly agitated, for they are in the one business where it is practically impossible to lose in the long run. The newspapers, eager for a moral victory, emphasize the fact that in spite of all their elaborate precautions the silly bandits (who got away with two or three hundred thousand dollars) completely overlooked a package of ten thousand dollars that was right in plain sight, and the police, comforted by the realization that they have nothing to fear from criminals guilty of such carelessness, bustle about preparing parades to show off their new summer headgear.

It is natural that the public should want to know what the typical gangster is like. Does he take up racketeering because he needs money in a hurry or because he enjoys it? Is he a good father to his children? Does he read Borzoi Books, collect stamps, eat Post Toasties for breakfast? Mr. Burnett's novel (Little Cæsar, whose real name is Cesare Bandello and who is called Rico, is leader of a Chicago gang) gives a picture that agrees very closely with a recent report of Dr. William J. Hickson, director of the psychopathic laboratory of the Chicago Municipal Court. According to Dr. Hickson, the gangster is feeble-minded, dull, anything but a romantic figure. "He commits murder without a quickening of the pulse, with no more emotion than would grip the ordinary person saying 'How do you do?' to a slight acquaintance, and he marches to the electric chair . . . with the same unconcern, lacking even the emotion of self-protection." He is incapable of feeling revenge. His reprisal shootings "are merely his business-like way of keeping competitors balanced with himself. He removes the rival because he is in the way, and it is done with the same lack of compunction the ordinary per-

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son would exhibit in pushing aside a piece of wood blocking his path." The leaders "are above the average in intelligence, but emotionally they don't register." Rico, hero of Mr. Burnett's book, fits in this analysis perfectly. At first right-hand man to Sam Vettori, his youth, intelligence and daring enable him to supplant his chief, who is content to remain with the gang in a subordinate position. The activities of the gang range from robbing filling-stations to more elaborate hold-ups often involving murders. On one of these, which takes place in a night club, Rico is forced to shoot his way out. The man he kills happens to be a police captain, and the rest of the book is concerned with the actions of Rico and his gang while the police are trying to find which one of them committed the murder. Tony, a young gangster who came along half against his will, can't get over the murder. Unlike his fellows, his emotional reactions are normal; he becomes ill, can't sleep or eat. Rico has no personal ill-feeling towards him, but when he learns that Tony is on his way to the Catholic priest to confess about the hold-up, he drives up in his car and shoots him at the door of the cathedral.

The other characters are very nearly as unemotional and as mentally undeveloped as Dr. Hickson's typical gangster. They don't steal from any pressing need for money, but because it apparently never occurred to them to do anything else. They never retire until they are killed, as Tony is in the end. They talk without compunction of friends who have been hanged. Even their women are passionless. Dominating the underworld, so superior that even Rico has only dined with him once, is the Big Boss, whose handling of the gangs enables him to live in luxury, with pictures copied from Velasquez and a library of real books, none of which has ever been opened. The one unconvincing character is Mr. Willoughby, a respectable millionaire who barges around the underworld for no known reason. For the most part "Little Cæsar" bears the stamp of authenticity; it is exciting, moves rapidly, has humor. It is not literature, but it is a good deal more than journalism.

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN.

What to Hate

Dr. Johnson, by Christopher Hollis. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 266 pages. $3.

PROBABLY no book about Dr. Johnson and his audience could be altogether dull. Johnson had the air of one addressing the ages; an age already astonishingly alien to him affectionately, amusedly, if no longer submissively, inclines its ear. Mr. Christopher Hollis, however, runs considerable risk of being somewhat less than edifying, not only in laying his principal stress on the great dogmatist's extremest illiberalities, but in sprinkling the discussion with a great many illiberalities of his own. Apparently Mr. Hollis feels himself to be in a world given over to mushy tolerance and general soft-headedness. He chooses Samuel Johnson as a congenial hero, adopts a Chestertonian style, and with a cheerful truculence starts out to preach Toryism in politics, rigid orthodoxy in religion, "the principle of subordination" in society, the dominance of the male in the family, the use of the rod in education, and so on. The classic list of Johnson's antipathies, including "Scotchmen and Whigs and Dissenters and Americans" Mr. Hollis supplements by objects of detestation that Johnson overlooked or mistakenly tolerated or died too early to know and denounce. He attributes to Voltaire a "zest for baseness." Carlyle is "absurd." Milton, Macaulay, Shelley, women and open-mindedness are alike intolerable. The intelligence that one cannot deny to this biographer is, in fact, strangely warped. He prides himself upon being totally out of tune with his time, upon being host to a set of extravagantly Gothic sentiments. "The King," he remarks, "is a sacramental person. He has authority over his subjects because it has been conferred on him by God." On nearly every page Mr. Hollis disqualifies himself as a critic in the modern sense, if not in the sense of the Johnsonian diatribes. And yet the book has an energy and honesty that are often missing in performances more reasonable and more colorless.

As for Dr. Johnson, the book's stated purpose is to discover and expound "the philosophy from which came the great company of repartees." This is an excuse as good as any for reassembling the repartees.

O. H. D.

Mr. Lewisohn Continues

Mid-Channel, by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Harper and Brothers. 310 pages. $3.50.

IN HIS latest amplification of his search for a satisfactory synthesis of modern values, Ludwig Lewisohn has reached his most mature and poetic expression. The book is an eloquent restatement of his conviction that the deracinated modern Jew can find peace only by a return to the impulses of his tradition—but beyond that it is a plea for cultural pluralism divorced from nationalist ambition, and a scholarly analysis of the Christian and of the Jewish ethos. In his travels toward the actual and the symbolic Jerusalem Mr. Lewisohn has wandered far, and the present volume contains important and sensitive records of his impressions of men and cities of America, of the Continent and of the Near East. No man of contemporary American letters is better equipped than Mr. Lewisohn for such recording.

But it is primarily as prophet and as *dichter* that Mr. Lewisohn desires to be understood. And it is in this role that he is provocative rather than entirely convincing. One desires, for instance, in his assured statements about races, a somewhat wider reading in modern anthropologic studies such as those of Goldenweiser, Sapir and others. His belief that a new Hebraism can save the world from war may well be juxtaposed to Mr. Stuart Chase's hard-headed studies of the probable effect of the machine in war as a self-destroying agency. His assumption of the perpetuity of existent cultures is unmodified by any suggestion of the possibilities of new social patternings conditioned by modern science. For the salvation of Western civilization he demands a "new synthesis of Hellenism and Hebraism," a Hebraism which shall include Christianity freed of the Paulinian taint. Mr. Lewisohn's thesis is that we must, for healing, return to the old and eternal verities. Despite the power of his eloquence, his Golden Age phantasy does not quite suffice.

The autobiographical form does not appear to be a particularly happy choice—certainly not inevitable, as in "Upstream"—for the material of "Mid-Channel." Though Mr. Lewisohn's projections of his marriage as Greek tragedy and of his love as Teutonic idyl are interesting enough in themselves, they serve to distract from his main themes. His arraignment of American social and legal institutions seems to be motivated by an irritation at their failure to furnish relief to his highly specialized domestic

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difficulty rather than by any balanced consideration of complex social forces. In his advocacy at the same time of individual freedom in marriage and of Hebraic mores, he chooses to forget the stifling effects of Jewish domestic conservatism—a code which has worked as much harm to the individual as has Christian dualism. Indeed his suggestion of a rabbinical court for the adjudication of Jewish domestic problems will be discreetly repudiated by the modern Jewish woman if she has any knowledge of the Jewish tradition of male prerogative. Perhaps as citizens of western civilization and of the twentieth century, we are, in our cultural adaptations, not so sharply divided by racial temperament as Mr. Lewisohn would care to believe.

FLORENCE KIPER FRANK.

Days in the Sun

Days in the Sun, by Martin Andersen Nexö. Translated from the Danish by Jacob Wittmer Hartmann. New York: Coward-McCann. 297 pages. $3.

MARTIN ANDERSEN NEXO'S complete partiality for the uneconomic Andalusians is rare in a northerner. It is not often that a Dane, or a Yankee either, can quite forgive a southern people its illogical abundant joys, its innocence of morals, its lavish improvidence. Nexö does not forgive, he cheerfully accepts. The core of his interpretation—the symbol to which he constantly returns—is the sun, the generating, prophylactic sun, which bathes Andalusia in an opulence of light and heat, dominating, indeed, creating, the character of its people. When the sun always shines, there is no need to provide against a rainy day. When a few hours of labor suffice for a day's food, monotonous toil in a factory is unreasonable. Heaven, in Andalusia, is an unnecessary concept. God is the sun—*el Sol Criador*. This interpretation, as it grows out of the entertaining incidents of the book, is more than sympathetic—it is objective and profound. That is why "Days in the Sun," first written more than twenty years ago, has found a translator and publisher at this late date. As a study of national character it is proof against even twenty years, even of the twentieth century.

E. V. F.

Notes on Novels

Times Square, by Cornell Woolrich. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.

HERE you have the hard-bitten inhabitants of Broadway's night life presented with the breathless precision of a vaudeville skit. This book should rate high in the list of summer reading. Out of a life of gin-drenched nights and midday coffee absorbed to the tune of scratched phonograph records, Mr. Woolrich has drawn the tale of a man and a woman. It is extraordinarily real. Love passages, matings, bickerings, hatreds and jobs, even their sleeping and breathing, are passed in the vicarious realm of sensation. These are the people that live on the surface, hard and fast. When they think at all, it is with the slithering speed of an ice-boat. A moment of leisure finds them taking stock of their physical hardships with the simple guile of a ten-year-old child. Mr. Woolrich has allowed his man and woman to spiral down two dizzy parallel plots. From time to time the plots cease to be parallel and the lines cross, with varying results of passionate affection or animosity, or even of boredom or despair. He ends on a venomous note, the man and woman meeting, with the woman at the top and the man at the bottom of the White Way's respective Paradise and Inferno. The speed and lightness of the author are the only things that make the recital bearable. He has not intellectualized his subject. His inhabitants of Times Square cheat. He knows it and lets you know it. He tells you what they are, not why they are what they are. It seems to this reviewer quite as worth-while, and often more effective, than the work of Ernest Hemingway.

C. A. C.

Treadmill, by Lola Jean Simpson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

POOR characterization is, in the main, what makes "Treadmill" a disappointing novel. Beryl MacLaughlin is a double-dyed villain, and David Havener a twice-born angel; Leslie, the heroine, is indeed quite real, and bedridden Grandma Tingley and one-legged Uncle Tommy, prophetic commenters and counselors, act pleasantly as a sort of rural Greek chorus. But the others are mere shells of people. The author has seen them walk about and talk, but has not understood them. With the single exception of the heroine, Miss Simpson seems not to have realized the inner personalities of her characters. However, the material of the novel—the lives of public-school teachers—is very good, and much of it well presented: the principal's instructions to Gale Walters to wear more ladylike clothes, the high-school dance where Leslie, a chaperone, dances with two senior boys, the school board's command to stop history class discussions of the United States' Mexican policy, the failure to discipline a scalawag football player, the censure of a teacher who had "lost her enthusiasm" (after fifteen years!)—these are done admirably. Some (but not most) of the allusive humor is charming. Almost best of all is the neat naming of the dominant but unlovely small-town trinity—"jealousy, suspicion and Christian judgment." But there is too much quoting of poetry and describing of the details of facial expression, and not enough understanding of the rich and complex inner lives of people.

O. J.

Contributors

MARCUS A. HEYMAN is a New York business man who is particularly interested in tariff problems.

GEORGE FORT MILTON is president and editor of the Chattanooga News, and author of "The Constitution of Tennessee" and "Compulsory Education in the South."

R. K. GOOCH, an English student of international affairs, sends us this article from Paris.

DOROTHEA MATTHEWS is an undergraduate at Oxford University.

CHARLES W. STOKES sent us his observation on American life from the semi-neutral ground of Montreal.

ALLEN TATE, poet and critic, is the author of "Stonewall Jackson: The Good Soldier" and "Mr. Pope and Other Poems."

ST. JOHN ERVINE, dramatic critic of The Observer, in London, spent the winter in New York as guest critic of the New York World.

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER is an anthropologist and author of "The Making of Mankind."

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN has written reviews for The New Republic, The Herald Tribune Books, and other publications.

FLORENCE KIPER FRANK is the author of a volume of poems, and her critical articles, short stories and reviews have appeared in various magazines.

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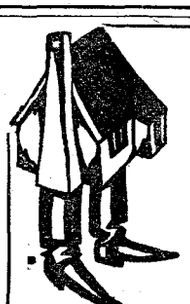

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